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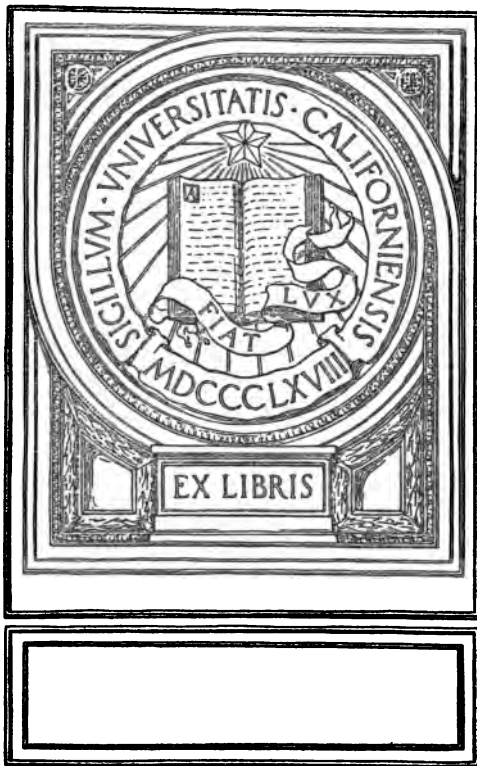
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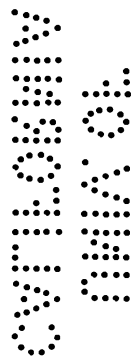
RUPERT
S.
HOLLAND



GIFT OF

A. F. Morrison







SARAH SIDDONS

Historic Girlhoods

(Part Two)

By

RUPERT S. HOLLAND

*Author of "Historic Boyhoods," "Historic
Events of Colonial Days," etc., etc.*



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These stories in general follow the actual records of history, but in a few cases, where little was known of certain girls, the author has felt at liberty to add incidents illustrating the characters and the times.

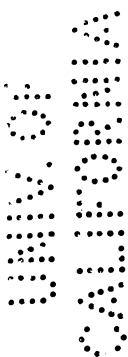
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To
my sister
LUCY



XI

Sarah Siddons

The Girl of the English Playhouse : 1755-1831

MINE host of the ancient tavern known as "The Shoulder of Mutton" stood in his doorway rubbing his fat red hands. He was a big man with a round moon face and two little blue eyes that twinkled like bright stars. He was always smiling, like a Cheshire cat, and if there was one thing he loved better than a pot of his own home-brewed ale it was a joke at another man's expense. He was chuckling now, as he looked at the spare man who sat on a packing-box in front of him. "Ah, Roger Kemble," said he, "you would come to the old Welsh town of Brecon to give one o' your shows without knowin' it was contrary to the law here-about to take money for such like performances? You'll play to-night for nothin' or you'll no play at all."

The other man's fine black eyes snapped indignantly. "We'll not act for nothing. An actor and his family must live, law or no law."

"Then turn to some other trade, good Roger," said the innkeeper. "Turn carpenter or bricklayer or tapster."

"What! With my talent!" answered Kemble. "And the talent of my wife and children. We are actors, servants of the public if you please, but no whit

worse than those the court goes to see at Drury Lane in London."

"Right you are," said mine host, grinning broader than before, "but Drury Lane is in London and Roger Kemble and his family are in Wales." Then his good humor bubbled up. "Wife!" he called. "Fetch two cups of ale for Roger and me. 'Twill brisken up his brains."

The good wife, almost as round and rosy as her husband, bore out the two tankards of foaming ale, and handed one to the slim, dark-skinned man on the box and the other to her good-natured lord. "'Tis the first time I've known Roger Kemble's wits to lie abed," said she, smiling at the actor.

"Have no fear, good Mistress Anne," he answered, looking down at the full-filled cup. "My wits are even now shaking the bedclothes off and will be up and dressed, point devise, with shoulder-knots and buckles to their shoon, before the last drops of this nectar run down my thirsty throat."

He lifted the cup, waved it in greeting to her, and then drank. After that he shut his eyes and sat meditating. Mistress Anne with a laugh passed inside, and mine host leaned his broad back against a door-post.

Presently Kemble opened his eyes and took another swallow from his cup. Then he bent forward, with a cunning smile upon his lips. "Harkee here, lord of 'The Shoulder o' Mutton,'" said he. "Gather round me while I speak to thee. We have tucked away in one of our big boxes a case of a most delicious powder

OLDEN GIRLHOODS

... and taken with a little
... more refreshing flavor to the palate,
... the three dipped in curds and whey.
... keep the teeth most wonderfully
... Now and then when times are hard
... has to turn surgeon in his trav-
... countryfolks' health instead of their
... the paste in Worcester."
... that to do with the law against selling
... in Brecon?" inquired the tavern-

"... said the other. "This rare paste for
... at threepence the box, but we'll sell it to-
... and whisper to each buyer that if he'll
... the little box to the coach-house to-night he may
... to a wonderful fine play, free of course,
... tickets sold, but only acted to such as have the
... of powder. How does that strike you,
...?"

"Squarely," cried mine host, his blue eyes beaming.
"Well thought of, Roger! No tickets sold, only some
tooth-powder. The law encourages trade. 'Tis a
happy thought. I knew the ale would set your wits
about. Empty the cup, and tell me what you play."

Kemble drank and set down the flagon. Then
he took a paper from his pocket and unfolded it.
"Hearken," said he, and began to read. "Mr. Kem-
ble's company of players will appear in a celebrated
comedy entitled 'The Tempest, or The Enchanted
Island,' by W. Shakespeare, with all the scenery, ma-
chinery, music, monsters, and the decorations proper

to be given, entirely new. The performances will open with a representation of a tempestuous sea (in perpetual agitation), and storm, in which the usurper's ship is wrecked; the wreck ends in a beautiful shower of fire; and the whole to conclude with a calm sea, on which appears Neptune, poetic god of the ocean, and his royal consort, Amphitrite, in a chariot drawn by sea-horses."

"Splendid!" exclaimed the tavern-keeper. "To think that the old coach-house should see all that! Sea-horses and a chariot and a wreck! Lord love you, Rôger Kemble, for a great magician! What have you done with the rest of your company?"

"They are unpacking in the stable-yard at present, placing the footlights, arranging chairs, setting the sea in order. But now that we're to sell tooth-paste in place of tickets I must bestir myself." He emptied the cup and set it on the box, then gave a long clear whistle, followed by two shorter ones, and called, "Hola, Sarah and John Kemble!"

A girl, about thirteen years old, with the same black hair and eyes and clear white skin as Mr. Kemble, and a boy a little younger, came running around the corner of the inn. "Ah, my pets," said the actor, smiling at the two children, "now you're to leave the stupid business of unpacking and setting-up and such like affairs to your elders, while you go through the streets of this town and sell packages of a paste that will make folks' teeth like pearls. Each box costs a shilling, and to each purchaser you give a copy of this playbill as a wrapper, and whisper in their ear that if they bring the

little box to the coach-house to-night at seven they may see the comedy without payment of a penny. You've a nimble tongue, Sarah my love ; if you find none that will buy the little boxes wave the bills in their faces and whisper the message to them until they get it through their dull numbskulls how much a single shilling will buy them. And now to hunt the wondrous little boxes ; good-bye, landlord, we part but to meet again." With a wave of his hand to the host Mr. Kemble slid down the packing-box, and playfully taking an arm of each child he led them around the street front of the inn to the cobble-paved court at the back.

In one of the boxes which stood in this court Mr. Kemble found the package he sought, and had soon divided the cases of tooth-powder between the two children. Then with a few parting instructions he sent the girl and the boy to look for customers.

The good people of Brecon knew Roger Kemble, for he had acted in that town a number of times before, and his daughter Sarah had in fact been born at "The Shoulder of Mutton" Inn. When word spread about of the way in which he was selling boxes of tooth-powder instead of tickets to his play the good people were much amused, and quite willing to buy admittance in this manner. Moreover the two children, Sarah and John Philip, were good-looking, with ready tongues and engaging manners, and they could describe the wonders of this play of "The Tempest, or The Enchanted Island" in as glowing words as the advertisements themselves. Before the afternoon was done they had sold as many bottles with program wrappers as there were seats in

the coach-house and had carried a bag of shillings back to their father. They found him with their mother and young Mr. Siddons, who acted with them, trying to make the little wooden stage look like an island in a tropical sea. "Bravo, my dears," cried he as he poured out the heap of silver pieces, "here's enough to pay our score at the inn, our coach fare west to-morrow, and buy you each a new pair of shoes when we get back to Worcester."

A little later, when the coach-house stage was set, the curtain hung, and the rows of seats properly arranged, the company of five players betook themselves to the inn dining-room for supper. They sat at the same long table with other travelers and devoured the venison pasty and the cold pudding set before them as though they had not fed for days. The landlord came in presently and asked how the tooth-paste had sold. When he heard of the children's success he laughed louder than ever and insisted that they should each have a glass of small beer at his expense.

Shortly after supper the children went out to their room over the barn and dressed for the play. Sarah was to be Ariel, chief spirit of the magic island, and she was clad in sea-green trunk and hose, with a green cloak, a wreath of leaves on her dark hair, and a star-tipped wand in her hand. She was a pretty girl, and very graceful, and she could act the part of a fairy well. Unfortunately when the curtains opened and Ariel appeared at the back of the stage some men were quarreling over a seat in a corner of the playhouse, and their loud voices drowned the girl's gentle one. Some

of the audience called to the quarrelers to be quiet, some called to Sarah to speak louder, and between the two she became confused. She hesitated, stammered, and then forgot the lines she was to speak. Then some boys who were sitting in the front of the audience began to laugh and jeer, and the small actress forgot entirely what she was to say, and her cheeks grew red and her eyes misty. It seemed a question whether the audience would give the girl a chance to begin the play.

At that moment Sarah's mother, a tall and very fine-looking woman, suddenly appeared from the wings. She took the little girl by the hand and led her down to the footlights, and told her to recite the fable of "The Boys and the Frogs." Sarah, reassured by her mother's presence, began the lines of *La Fontaine* which tell how the boys were enjoying themselves very much in throwing stones at the frogs in a pond until one of the frogs reminded them that although it was fun for the boys it meant death for the frogs. The little actress had not finished the fable before there was an outburst of applause, the confusion ceased, the men and boys who had been talking became quiet, and the audience, thoroughly good-humored again, called for the play to go on.

Sarah, now quite at her ease, began her lines over, and the play progressed with the greatest success. The lithe Ariel darted here and there like a real sprite, losing herself so completely in the sea-fairy that the audience applauded her again and again, and her father had to bring her out before the curtain at the end of the play.

Late that night Roger Kemble sat with mine host of "The Shoulder of Mutton" in the tap-room. "Roger," said the innkeeper, "that little daughter of yours knows how to act. I watched her close to-night. My word for it, she'll go to London some day."

"She can play Ariel when she's given half a chance," said Mr. Kemble. "Sometimes I do believe there's a big future for my little Sarah."

The life of traveling players in those days was very hard. Early the next morning Roger Kemble's little company had to pack up their scenery and costumes and load them on the carts that were to transport them to the next Welsh village. Their life was almost like that of gipsies living in a caravan. They had to be always on the move, in all kinds of weather, and put up with any shelter and theatre they could find. Sometimes, as at "The Shoulder of Mutton," they found a coach-house that would serve as a stage, sometimes they acted in a barn, or in a room of an inn, and occasionally they gave their plays in the open inn-yard, to audiences that sat in the galleries running around the outside of the house. They could only carry the scantiest costumes and scenery, and so they borrowed old clothes and decorations when they could. A few candles fastened in bottles usually served as footlights, and they did without any orchestra. Very often they did not make enough money to pay their expenses, and then they had to beg the innkeeper to trust them for the balance of their bill. Frequently they were dunned by sheriffs, sometimes they met sour looks and bitter words from the people of a town where actors

were not approved of, but on the other hand sometimes they were welcomed with open arms and their play warmly applauded. They remembered such times, and tried to forget the others. If it was a hard life it was at least full of adventure, and they were free to come and go as they would.

Sarah Kemble and her brother John had begun to act with their father and mother almost as soon as they were old enough to travel. Sarah was put on the advertisements as "An Infant Phenomenon," and sometimes when there were enough people in the company to make a procession through the village in the daytime the little girl would march with the older actors, dressed in white and gilded spangles, her train carried by her handsome small brother clad in black velvet.

But Mr. and Mrs. Kemble wanted their children to have an education if possible, and so they sent them to school whenever they stayed any length of time in one place. They often went to the town of Worcester, and there Mrs. Kemble sent Sarah to a Mrs. Harris, who kept a school at Thornloe House. The other girls, when they learned that Sarah was a "play-actor's" daughter, would have nothing to do with her, and she was very lonely, but her mother had trained her to be self-reliant and to use her wits, and so she amused herself designing costumes out of paper. One day some of the girls found Sarah wearing a very bright imitation sacque which she had made out of thick sugar-loaf paper bought from the grocer. They wanted sacques just like it for themselves and tried to copy it, but without success, and so they finally had to come to her and

ask to be shown how she had done it. Sarah gladly agreed, and became dressmaker to all the rest. That ended the coldness between them, and when some private theatricals were given in school a little later and the "play-actor's" daughter took the chief part she became one of the most popular girls at Thornloe House.

The budding actress was undeniably fond of fine clothes, whether they were made by herself out of odds and ends or were bought by her mother. One day while the company was traveling some of Roger's friends invited them all to a picnic in the woods near the town where they were acting. Sarah was told she might wear a new pink dress if the weather was clear. She was so much afraid that it might rain that when she went to bed she took her prayer-book with her and opened it, as she thought, to the prayer for fine weather. Then satisfied she went to sleep with the book folded in her arms. She woke at dawn, and found the rain pelting against the window. Very much disappointed she looked at the prayer-book, and was dismayed to see that it was open at the prayer for rain. Then she opened to the right page, and finally fell asleep again, and the next time she woke up the sun was shining and there was every promise of a perfect day.

There were many picnics and many parties scattered through Sarah's girlhood to make up for the hard work and rough company she had to endure. Meanwhile she was learning what it is in an actress that pleases people, the ordinary people of the country, not the fastidious folk of the big cities. She had a beautiful

voice and her father spent much time in teaching her to use it to the best advantage, and had her learn to sing. More and more people were telling him that his daughter would some day be a prominent actress and give up the life of a wandering country player for the career of a Drury Lane favorite in London.

By the time she was sixteen Sarah's beauty had become a matter of comment among the country audiences, and two young squires proposed marriage to her. But the young man named William Siddons who had acted in her father's company almost as long as she could remember had won the first place in her affections, and she would think of marrying no one else. Her parents were not at all pleased at this state of affairs, however, for they were beginning to have great ambitions for their daughter, and so they dismissed young William Siddons from the company and sent Sarah away to the home of a Mrs. Greatheed at Guy's Cliff in Warwickshire in order that she might forget him. In this new home she was happy, for here she found a library and could read whatever she wished, and the country was romantically beautiful, and she was only a short distance from Stratford-on-Avon, the home of her beloved Shakespeare. But she did not forget William Siddons, and when he came to Guy's Cliff to see her and pleaded his cause again as they walked in the sweet-scented Warwickshire fields she told him she would marry him. So it was that in her nineteenth year Sarah Kemble became Mrs. Sarah Siddons.

The young wife returned to the stage, now in a country company headed by herself and William

Siddons. One day they came to the town of Cheltenham, which had just become noted as a watering-place and where many fashionable people were staying. Some of these, seeing the advertisement announcing that the play of " Venice Preserved " was to be given that evening at the theatre, took tickets thinking they would have fun at a raw country performance. Some one who had overheard their comments told Mrs. Siddons, who was to play the leading part. Ridicule was the one thing she could not stand, and from the moment when she first appeared on the stage she felt that the audience were laughing at her expense. She left the theatre as soon as the play was over, feeling very much hurt. But next day Mr. Siddons happened to meet Lord Aylesbury, one of the leaders of fashion, in the street. His lordship stopped to inquire for Mrs. Siddons' health. He then said that he had never seen finer acting in his life, and that Mrs. Siddons' powers as a tragic actress had so impressed the ladies of his party that they had wept most of the evening and were suffering with headaches in consequence.

William Siddons rushed home to tell his wife this welcome news, and found that she was already receiving calls from several ladies and gentlemen who had seen her act the night before and wished to compliment her. She was urged to stay in Cheltenham and act in other plays. This she did, and as a result word of her talent began to spread abroad through society and eventually came to London. The great Mr. David Garrick, the most famous English actor of the day and manager of Drury Lane Theatre, became curious, and

wrote to a friend in the country, "Have you ever heard of a woman Siddons, who is strolling about somewhere near you?" The friend had, and reported concerning her, and in a very short time Mr. Garrick had engaged Sarah Siddons to act in his company in London.

She did not succeed at once. Her first performances at Drury Lane were almost failures. People admitted that she was rarely beautiful and that her voice was magically flexible, but they doubted if she had the intelligence to understand and interpret the greatest characters. She persevered and studied and gradually her great dramatic powers unfolded until there was no part too difficult for her to act, and she could hold her audiences spellbound and make them laugh or cry as she would. She mounted higher and higher until she was hailed as the greatest of all English actresses, and David Garrick felt honored to act with her, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan wrote plays for her, and Sir Joshua Reynolds painted one of his greatest masterpieces of her as the Tragic Muse.

Her younger brother, John Philip Kemble, became a great actor also, and so they both bore witness to the good they had won from those early days when they had been strolling players buffeted about from inn to inn. They had learned a great deal about acting then, and the famous Mrs. Siddons, friend of royalty and all the great people of her time, was never sorry to remember the day when she had had to sell tooth-powder in the streets of Brecon in order to help her father pay for their lodging at the inn.

XII

Marie Antoinette

The Girl of Versailles : 1755-1793

THE young Archduchess Maria Antonia Josephine Johanna of Austria, whom we know as Marie Antoinette, was leaving her home in Vienna to marry Louis, the Dauphin of France, in his capital of Paris. She was only fourteen and she had never seen the French prince nor any of his court. Small wonder if she found it hard to start on such a journey.

The Archduchess had been brought up to do as she was bid, and it had seemed to her mother, the famous Empress Maria Theresa, that the welfare of Austria required that one of her daughters should marry into the royal house of France. She had chosen her youngest daughter because of her beauty and light charming manners, knowing well that the French appreciated such gifts. But she also knew that the throne of France was shaky, and feared for what might be awaiting this lovely girl in a foreign land. Her own youth had been troubled and her reign stormy, and it had taken courage for her to persevere and save her throne, so that often as she looked at the girl Archduchess making ready to leave home she would suddenly take her in her arms, exclaiming, "Antonia dearest, think of me when misfortunes overtake you."

Marie Antoinette bore herself like a true daughter of

her house. When all the royal family, the court, the nobles, and the deputies were gathered in the throne-room of the Hofburg in Vienna she entered with her mother. They were to sign a document by which she gave up all claim to the Austrian throne. The lords and ladies received the mother and daughter in deep silence as they advanced to the table. Maria Theresa was so much moved that her hand shook, and she could hardly guide the pen to write her name. Then Marie Antoinette took the pen and signed, and they both left the room. When they were in the Empress's boudoir Maria Theresa took her daughter on her lap, kissed her fair hair and her eyes, and begged her never to forget Austria, even though France was to be her home. "My dear child," she said, "how glad I should be if only I could always keep you with me. But I must sacrifice my own feelings for the good of Austria and for your happiness, which I hope is safe. Write to me often. I shall weep over your letters. I cannot write like Madame de Sévigné, but I love you quite as dearly as she loved her daughter."

Although the Empress was very fond of Marie Antoinette she had been so busied with state matters that she had never been able to be much with her. All her children had been brought up by tutors and governesses, and allowed to do much as they pleased. Marie Antoinette's first governess was dismissed because the Empress found that some writings which had been shown to her as her daughter's work were really the work of her teacher. The next governess was so fond of the sweet-natured little girl that she

could rarely find it in her heart to correct anything she did, and when she tried to do so a kiss or a laughing answer was always sufficient to make her relent. So Marie Antoinette, who cared little for books or study, did not learn much. She had two famous teachers, Metastasio, the Italian poet, who taught her to speak Italian, and Gluck, the great composer, who taught her music, and these two were the only subjects in which she made any real progress. She never learned to write clearly and knew less about geography and history than many a peasant's child. But to make up for her lack of knowledge she had by nature the greatest grace and a charming self-assurance which made her very popular with every one about her. She had tact and sympathy which could place any one at ease. One evening the musician Mozart was received at court, and as he walked across the highly-polished floor to bow before the Empress he slipped and fell. The courtiers thought him clumsy and did not try to hide their smiles. Seeing no one ready to help him Marie Antoinette hastened forward to assist him to his feet and comfort him with a few merry words. This gentle act won Mozart instantly to the Archduchess and he never lost his affection for her.

When she was about eleven years old a brilliant woman named Madame Geoffrin made a visit to Vienna and was presented to the Empress and her daughters. She was very much struck with the great beauty of the youngest girl and said, "What a charming child. I should like to take her back with me to Paris."

The Empress was already trying to arrange a marriage for this daughter with the French Dauphin, and wanted Madame Geoffrin to speak well of her in Paris. "Take her with you," said she. "Take her by all means. I should be delighted."

Madame Geoffrin carried such high reports of the little Archduchess home to Paris and spread her opinion so widely that the French court became much interested in this girl who was said to be so unusually charming. The King, Louis XV, sent one of his best painters to Vienna to paint her portrait, and was so anxious to see it as soon as it was finished that the artist despatched his son with it to Versailles almost before the paint was dry. Louis XV, who was used to beauty, was delighted, and from that moment was eager to have his grandson marry the Archduchess.

So it came about that the little Austrian princess was betrothed to the Dauphin, and left Vienna. But in spite of the brilliant match the people were sorry to have her go, for she was very popular with all classes. When the day came the Empress could hardly release her dear child from her arms, and the girl had at last to tear herself away and hurry from the castle to the waiting carriage. The streets were so crowded that it was difficult to drive her through them. Several times she put her head out of the carriage window to take a last look at the palace which had been her home. Then she leaned back in the carriage, her face bathed in tears, holding a handkerchief to her eyes to hide them from the gaze of the crowded streets.

As she had been beloved by the Austrians so she was

received with open arms by the French. The French people were by tradition hostile to Austria, but they could feel no enmity towards this fair and very beautiful girl of fourteen years who was coming to live among them and perhaps some day rule over them. She tried to show her pleasure at their welcome. As she crossed the Rhine the ladies who had traveled with her from Vienna came forward to kiss her hand for the last time. With tears in her eyes she embraced them all, and gave them messages to carry back to her mother, her brothers and sisters, and her friends. Then she turned to the French ladies who were waiting to receive her. "Forgive me," she begged. "These tears are for my family and the country I am leaving; but from this moment I will not forget that I am French."

As she traveled from the frontier to Paris the roads were lined with cheering peasants and girls strewed handfuls of flowers in her path. Everywhere people were saying to each other, "How lovely our new Princess is!" In each town she was greeted by the ringing of bells and the thunder of cannon, and each village street had its triumphal arch.

Louis XV and the Dauphin met her at the château of Compiègne, and Marie Antoinette saw her future husband for the first time. He was a quiet, shy youth, very easily embarrassed, and having none of her gayety or wit. The old King was delighted with the young bride and said so, but Louis the Dauphin forgot the little speech of welcome he had tried to learn by heart, and could only bow uneasily before her, shifting from one foot to the other, without a word to say.

From Compiègne the King, his grandson, and Marie Antoinette went to Versailles, the great palace outside Paris which Louis XIV had built in what had been a desert but was now one of the most beautiful parks in the world. In the chapel here Louis and Marie Antoinette were married, but a tremendous storm broke out before the ceremony was half over and spoiled the festivities that were planned. The palace and park were to have been illuminated, and many of the people of Paris had traveled to Versailles to see the great spectacle, but the storm made it impossible to light the Bengal fire, and the audience in the grounds fled in a panic, drenched with water, and frightened by the terrific lightning and the crashing thunder.

The motto of Louis XV and the French court was sometimes said to be "After us the deluge," because they spent the country's wealth in the wildest extravagance, regardless of the fact that the peasants in many parts of the land were starving for bread. Up to this time the people of France had looked upon the king and courtiers as a sort of superior beings, whom they might watch and admire from a distance, but never criticize. Louis XV knew that men and women in Paris were in want of food, but he did not hesitate to throw away money on his grandson's wedding festivities. The fêtes at Versailles lasted for a fortnight and the halls and lawns were filled with courtiers wearing the most extravagant suits and gowns and glittering with jewels, and every night there were royal banquets and concerts and balls, and four million lamps lighted the gardens. When the fêtes were over the people

learned that they had cost twenty million francs, and that this enormous sum must be supplied by his Majesty's hard-working subjects. It is hardly to be wondered at that there was discontent.

Yet in spite of this injustice the citizens of Paris wanted to show their affection for their new princess. They arranged for a display of fireworks in the city. Proper care was not taken, and the police could not handle the mob that thronged into the *Place Louis XV*. When the square was crowded a fire broke out and burned down the scaffolding that stood about the statue of the King. The wildest confusion followed, and in the attempt to escape from the square many were trodden to death and some were pushed into the river, while many more were badly hurt. Louis and Marie Antoinette were driving in to Paris to see the illuminations in their honor when they heard of the disaster. Both were very much distressed, and the Dauphiness sent all the money she had to help the sufferers while the Dauphin ordered that his income for a month be turned over to the prefect of police in Paris to relieve the distress there.

There was no court in Europe more extravagant or more corrupt than this of Versailles which Marie Antoinette, a simple fifteen-year-old girl, was now to call her home. It was absolutely different from the court of Vienna, where her mother had set the fashions. Here Louis XV, the Well-Beloved as he was called, gave thought only to his own pleasure, and his courtiers were too ready to follow his example. A thousand intrigues and conspiracies led from the palace like a net-

work ready to entangle any one who was not both shrewd and agile. Marie Antoinette, fond of gayety and pleasure, light-hearted, ready to be friends with any one, found herself at once a pawn in a dozen games, cajoled by some, disliked by others, with hardly a single real friend. The very persons who should have been her friends and advisers, the Dauphin's aunts, the Princesses Adelaide, Victoria, Sophia, and Louisa, were jealous of her position, and so fond of scandal that they magnified her slightest action into a serious offense. Tale-bearers were everywhere, and if Marie Antoinette merely smiled at some boy of the court a dozen gossips carried the news to these suspicious aunts. They did their best to keep her young husband from her, and to poison his mind against her in every possible way. Louis had little strength of character, and was more interested in his workshop than in anything else. He disliked society and he disliked the gossips who brought him stories of his wife, but he did nothing to stop their tale-bearing or to make Versailles more entertaining for her.

But in spite of their ill treatment of her Marie Antoinette tried her best to please these older Princesses. Young as she was she began to realize the difficulty of her position and to see that she must keep on friendly terms with the Dauphin's family if she were to escape the danger of being treated as an outcast at her husband's court. Often she found it very difficult to follow this wise course. Once the Princesses went to the King and complained that the Dauphiness frequently acted in an undignified way and wore shabby clothes.

The King sent for her and told her that she must pay more attention to the formal ceremony of his court, and that she would become very unpopular with the French tradesmen unless she spent more money on her dress. "My court dresses," replied Marie Antoinette, "shall be as elegant as those of any previous dauphiness or queen of France, if such is the wish of your Majesty; but I beg my dear grandfather to be indulgent about my morning gowns."

The chief charge brought against her was that she was too lively and fond of fun. That she could not very well deny, because it was plainly the truth. She loved to dance and to sing, to take part in lively garden fêtes and to play with children her own age, and the court of Versailles frowned upon such pleasures. But there were a few young courtiers who agreed with her, and gradually they began to amuse themselves in secret. Sometimes Marie Antoinette could persuade the Dauphin to leave his tools and join them. She arranged some private theatricals and acted in them with her two young brothers-in-law and their wives. Louis, stretched in an easy chair, was their audience. He yawned from weariness if the play went well, but whenever the actors began to forget their lines he woke up and started to laugh and poke fun at them. One day he fell sound asleep and began to snore just as they had come to a most exciting scene. This was more than Marie Antoinette could stand. She left the stage and going over to him tweaked his ear. "If you do not like our acting go away, and your money shall be returned to you."

The Dauphin sat up, laughing at his wife's indignant face. "Go on with the play," said he. "I thought you knew it so well that you didn't need my prompting."

A little later they turned the tables on him. He considered dancing hard work, but one evening he summoned up courage to dance in a quadrille. He blundered through the steps, making so many mistakes that some of his friends begged him not to try it again until he had had some practice. Unwilling to give in the next morning he went to the dancing-room and began to practice, having given orders that no one was to be allowed to enter. He hopped and hopped about, and soon was so warm that the perspiration streamed down his face. Suddenly he heard a whistle, and looking about, caught sight of his brother in a gallery, watching him and laughing with delight. Louis hated to appear ridiculous and this made him very angry. He shook his fist at his brother and bade him leave the room. A few hours later he met this brother in a corridor of the palace, and, still smarting at the ridicule, he stopped and boxed his ears. The other returned the blow, and immediately a fight began. Marie Antoinette heard the sound of the scuffle and came running up. She tried to separate them, but got badly scratched before she could get them apart. By a little diplomacy she managed to reconcile them, and soon they were as good friends as ever. Shortly afterward, however, word of the private theatricals reached the ears of the older courtiers and they insisted that they be given up as being too frivolous.

It was not long before Marie Antoinette had more

serious matters to consider. Louis XV died when she was nineteen years old, and the Dauphin became Louis XVI of France. He and his Queen were really only a boy and girl, too young and much too inexperienced to reign over a country which had come to such a serious pass as had France. They both knew this well. The first courtiers who came to greet them as King and Queen were met with tears and protests. Louis and Marie Antoinette knelt in prayer. "Oh, God," they exclaimed, "guide us and protect us, for we are far too young to govern!"

Louis was crowned king in the old cathedral at Rheims, and his reign began. He had it in his heart to help his people, who were bent to the ground by the terrible weight of their taxes, but he could see no way to go to their assistance. His ancestors had been rolling up a debt without any thought of payment, and it seemed as if he must go on spending in the same reckless fashion. Marie Antoinette could not help him, she had no knowledge whatever of governing, and was too busy with her new position as Queen. She found that if she had been ruled by ceremony when she was Dauphiness she was bound even faster by it now. There was a rule for everything she did, no matter how trifling, and when she broke the slightest regulation the Comtesse de Noailles, chief lady-in-waiting, was sure to tell her of it. "On that occasion," the Comtesse would say, "your Majesty ought to have bowed in such a manner, on this occasion in another way. Your Majesty smiled when it was not seemly, nodded when a curtsy was requisite."

The Queen found these constant rebukes almost more than she could stand. One day a donkey on which she was riding threw her. The courtiers ran forward in alarm, but the Queen lay laughing on the grass. "Run quickly," she exclaimed, "and inquire from Madame Etiquette how a Queen of France ought to behave when thrown by a donkey."

The nickname of "Madame Etiquette" clung to the Comtesse from that hour.

In spite of all this ceremonial the young Queen determined to enjoy herself now that Louis was King. She had her way, although it made many enemies for her, and caused gossip to grow apace. She was hungry for pleasure, and she placed herself at the head of a band of the younger courtiers who had also been famished during the last reign. With them she often went from Versailles to Paris in order to hear the new plays and dance at private balls. She was fond of Paris, and very fond of the theatre and of dancing. The popular dances of the time were masked balls, to which every one went in dominos. Marie Antoinette would often drive into Paris wearing a domino and mask, and dance till daylight, rarely returning to Versailles before seven o'clock in the morning. The King did not care for such entertainments and almost never went with her. In time the people began to criticize her, and one night a masked figure came up to her during a dance. "A good wife," said the stranger, "ought to stay at home with her husband, and not run about to balls by herself." That was what others thought also, but Marie Antoinette had a streak of

recklessness in her, and she only laughed when her friends cautioned her about her love of pleasure.

But there was another side to this impetuous young Queen. One day when she was only the Dauphiness she had said to Louis that she should like a little country house of her own, where she might live quietly among the flowers and birds. When Louis became King he gave her such a house, the Little Trianon, a small two-storied *châlet* in the country, only a short distance from Versailles. There she could do as she pleased, wear simple gowns, and forget that there were such things as courts and etiquette. Early in the morning she would leave the palace on foot and hasten to the Little Trianon. There she superintended the men who worked on the place, crocheted or sewed under the shade trees that she had had planted, churned butter, and preserved fruit. She had her favorite cows there, and sometimes milked them; her pet doves and hens, which she fed; and her beds of flowers, which she tended like a most careful gardener. No one who saw the fair-haired girl, dressed in white, wearing a plain straw hat, and carrying a little switch in her hand, would have imagined that she was Queen of the most formal court in Europe.

Sometimes she stayed at the Trianon for several days at a time, and then she spent her evenings with a few friends in the drawing-room, with windows and doors opening directly on to the garden. When she had visitors she gave them afternoon tea herself, and every one walked about and chatted, and came or went exactly as they pleased. At her *châlet* she pretended

to be simply a lady of the manor, and her guests were treated as they might have been at the home of any well-to-do farmer. In time she built Swiss cottages in the grounds, with thatched roofs and rustic balconies, and a mill. She called Louis the miller and herself the dairymaid, and their friends hunted for eggs and churned butter and pretended to wash clothes in the lake, and sheared the sheep, and played at living the life of country people. But even the Trianon cost a great deal of money, and the French people set it down as another extravagance of the court and more particularly of this madcap Queen of theirs. Whatever she did was being criticized now, for the people had reached the limit of their endurance and were beginning to look upon King and court as the cause of their wretchedness.

The distant rumblings of thunder were soon heard, and jagged lightning cut the sky of France. Yielding to great popular appeal the King summoned a meeting of the States General, which represented the nobles, the church, and the people, or Third Estate, of France. The Third Estate, once summoned, would not be silenced, and Paris cheered as it heard men speak of the rights of the people for the first time in its history. Crowds gathered on street corners, secret societies were formed, and speedily a blaze was kindled that swept like a forest fire through the dry fuel of the mob. Suddenly a cry arose, "On to the Bastille!" and the mob stormed and took that famous prison which represented to them centuries of injustice. Louis at Versailles heard the news and turned pale, but did

nothing to allay the storm. Perhaps it was already too late for him to have won over his people.

But if Louis and Marie Antoinette were frightened the nobility were superbly confident. What could a wretched mob do to the nobles of France! Never had they been so haughty and domineering. Never had they held the people in such contempt. Marie Antoinette, thoroughly alarmed, cried in despair, "*This noblesse will ruin us!*"

The fifth of October, 1789, dawned dark and cold. The people of Paris were starving, and women and children stood at the bakers' shops begging for bread. Some one raised the cry, "On to Versailles! There is bread enough there, and to spare!" "On to Versailles!" echoed through the streets, and in a short time a mob had gathered and started on the road. That night the mob fought its way into the proud palace and Marie Antoinette barely escaped its fury. The Marquis de Lafayette with the National Guard arrived in time to save the King and Queen, but next morning the crowds camped in the grounds demanded that they both go back with them to Paris as hostages. There was nothing for them to do but agree, and sadly Louis and Marie Antoinette drove in to Paris to enter their palace of the Tuilleries as prisoners of the people. Marie Antoinette might possibly have escaped. Lafayette came to her at Versailles and said, "Madame, the King goes to Paris; what will you do?"

"Accompany the King," she answered, and went out with him through the ranks of scowling men and women.

The storm broke over France, and the tempest raged for weeks and months while the leaders of the mob argued back and forth as to what should be done with the King and Queen. Louis was utterly impassive, and although Marie Antoinette tried again and again to rouse him to some action he always fell back into his old slothful state. Then on the tenth of August, 1792, the people took the Tuilleries and carried the royal family to the prison of the Temple. Louis was put on trial and condemned to death. On the 21st of January, 1793, the sentence was carried out on the guillotine.

Marie Antoinette, a widow and a prisoner, torn from her children, and treated like a common criminal, was transferred from the Temple to the Conciergerie. As she entered this new prison she struck her forehead against the low beam of the door. "Did you hurt yourself?" asked the *gendarme*.

"No, nothing can further harm me," she answered.

"The widow Capet," as the revolutionists called her, was sentenced to the same fate as her husband, and she went to the same guillotine on the 16th of October, 1793. She bore herself bravely, like a true daughter of Maria Theresa, undaunted at the fate allotted her.

The people had a long score to settle with the kings and old nobility of France, and it fell to Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette and their brilliant court to pay the price that had been rolling up. King and Queen and nobles paid it, for the most part with a bravery worthy of their rank and race. The Austrian princess had been a pleasure-loving, extravagant,

fascinating girl and woman, but when the storm came she showed that beneath her wilfulness and self-indulgence lay a nature that was strong and true and a courage that was boundless.

XIII

Josephine

The Girl of Martinique : 1763-1814

THE girls of Martinique who came from old French or Spanish families, and were called Creoles, were unusually pretty, with the deep soft eyes and rich color of true children of the sun. Among the prettiest of them was Josephine, daughter of Monsieur Tascher, who owned a great estate in the valley of Lannois, close to the Caribbean Sea. From his house a wide avenue of palms, straight and very high, stretched to the sparkling waves. All about the house were roses, growing in riotous profusion, and beyond them was a paradise of shrubs and trees, mangoes and guavas, custard-apples, oranges, bananas and calabashes. *Ceibas* or silk-cotton trees spread their canopy of leaves across a brook that wound down from the hills and widened near the house into a round bathing-pool screened by thick blossoming vines. The hills were yellow with the gleam of ripening sugar-cane, and in sheltered nooks grew the shiny-leaved coffee plant, with its bright crimson fruit. This was Josephine's home, a tropical world where food was to be had for the taking from the trees.

Her father, like all the rich planters of Martinique, owned scores of slaves. He had given one of these, a girl somewhat older than Josephine, to his little

daughter, and they had grown as fond of each other as two sisters. The girl's name was Adée; she was tall and slim and very graceful, with the golden skin of the native of Martinique, the black hair tinted with purple, and the high color in the cheeks. Wherever the fair Josephine went the brunette Adée went also. They bathed in the same clear pool under the silk-cotton tree in the early morning, played together, rode together, and were inseparable. Yet the little Creole lady was always the mistress; ever since she could talk her word had been law to Adée and all the other slaves on the plantation.

June twenty-third was Josephine's birthday, and for one of those days her father planned a special celebration and told her in advance that she might set free one of the slaves.

Early on that particular birthday she woke, and looked eagerly towards the window. Adée was already moving about the room. "Is it fair? Is the sun shining?" asked Josephine.

"Of course it is, Yeyette dear, the sun is always shining, but most of all to-day."

"It must be lovely to-day," said the little mistress, "because it's my birthday, and I'm going to make Jo-jo free. Dear little boy. I can hardly wait till after breakfast to go out and tell him."

She jumped out of bed and crossed to the window. There she looked through the straight avenue of palms to the deep blue water. "It is lovely. Hurry, Adée, let's have our bath and breakfast so I can go tell little Jo-jo."

The two girls slipped out of the house and ran to the pool screened by the *ceiba* tree. There they dove and swam in the clear cool water. Then they returned to the house to have breakfast in the big flower-filled dining-room. As they went through the garden Josephine saw only the sunshine and the roses and was thinking of the beautiful new birthday gown that had been made for her at Fort Royal, but the native girl, with a much quicker eye, had caught sight of a black funnel-shaped cloud way off in the sky and saw a flock of birds flying very low across the bay. She looked anxious, but said nothing as the two entered the house.

Josephine talked gaily of her birthday plans while Adée helped her to put on her new dress. She was so delighted with it she could hardly wait to run and show it to her mother. But Adée, while she helped her little mistress, kept glancing through the window at the sea, and her face grew more and more troubled. Finally the toilet was complete and Josephine stood smiling at herself in the long mirror. "Oh, it's so lovely!" she cried. Then she turned around. "Why, what's the matter, Adée? You look almost frightened?"

Adée tried to answer lightly, but before she could speak the door of the room was thrown open and Monsieur Tascher, his face very white, entered hurriedly. "Quick, Adée, quick!" he cried. "Pick up anything and follow me to the *case-a-vent*, to the hurricane house. Don't lose a minute, the hurricane is on us. Madame is there. I'll take Josephine."

He picked up his daughter and holding her fast,

dashed down the stairs, out of the house, and across the gardens to the hurricane cellar.

A glance at the window told Adée her master was right. She gathered up the clothing scattered on the floor and hurried after him. Already she heard the palm trees cracking in the gale.

Every plantation in Martinique had its hurricane house, or *case-a-vent*, as they called it. Monsieur Tascher's was built into the side of a hill behind his house, with stone walls several feet thick, a heavy wooden door and no windows. It was the only place of safety when one of the terrible hurricanes of the Caribbean Sea swept down upon the island.

Josephine and her father reached the hurricane house, and a minute later Adée ran in. The servants, terribly frightened, followed, and hardly had the last one been drawn in before the great door was shut and bolted. It was none too soon. The storm had burst, the sky and sea were black, the great palms snapped like whips in the wind, the beautiful orange and banana trees, the guavas, the mangoes and the calabashes were stripped bare and uprooted, the tiles ripped from the roof of the house and sent flying through the air, and the loose timbers of the negroes, huts torn apart and scattered like so many feathers.

The door of the hurricane house strained and groaned and was almost burst inward across the great iron bars that held it. There was no light and the air was stiflingly hot. The servants were on their knees crying and moaning. Adée was almost the only one brave enough to keep quiet. Josephine stood between her

father and mother, holding a hand of each, but saying nothing. Perhaps she was thinking how quickly her beautiful birthday had come to an end. But she was brave, and now and then her father or mother bent down and whispered some word of courage in her ear.

The hurricane battered the island of Martinique for hours, but finally its force was spent, and the tumult lessened. The people in the *case-a-vent* listened, and decided the roaring of the wind had dropped to a murmur. The great door moreover no longer strained against the iron bars. Finally Monsieur Tascher spoke to the giant negro who stood on guard. "Open the door a very little, and see if it's safe outside." The man drew back the bolts and swung the door open. The world had grown quiet and the clouds had passed. The sun was shining as brightly as before the storm. The family and their servants sighed with relief and hurried out of the stifling heat of the hurricane house.

Josephine and her father were the first to come out into the sunshine. What a sight met their eyes! The beautiful plantation was a waste of ruins. Not a wall of the splendid house was standing, the rose-garden was piled with stones and timbers and roof-tiles, the great avenue of noble palms was only a row of shattered stumps, the giant *ceibas* and mangoes and orange-trees lay uprooted on the ground. Beyond the house where the negroes' huts had been there was only a field strewn with sticks and stones. Josephine's father, who had spent his life in building the great plantation,

bowed his head in his hands. The girl, although she was still terribly frightened, tried to keep back her tears for his sake. A moment more and his wife and two younger daughters had joined Monsieur Tascher. He looked up and took his trembling wife into his arms. "Yes, thank the good God, my wife and children are left to me!" he exclaimed.

The storm had left very little, but finally Monsieur Tascher discovered that the great sugar-house was still standing. There he took his family and there Adée and the other servants carried the clothes and valuables they had been able to save. The sugar-house was built of stone, with walls two feet thick; on the ground floor were huge rollers to press the juice from the sugar-cane and great vats filled with water. The second floor held two big storerooms, and these the family took for their new home, a poor substitute for the beautiful house with its countless luxuries. But there were other families in the island who had no homes at all.

As Josephine's father and the other men explored the ruined plantation they found one loss after another. The little boy whom Josephine had meant to set free on her birthday had been caught by the storm on the river bank and swept away by the flood. Everywhere there was loss and disaster. Josephine and Adée wandered disconsolately among the broken palms to the beach only to find the fishermen gathered there bewailing the loss of all their boats and nets. The sand and shore were strewn with countless fish, driven up there by the lashing of the waves. No one

in Martinique remembered such a hurricane as this that had occurred on Josephine's birthday.

Nature makes quick repairs in the tropics, and it was not long before the trees were sending forth new shoots, the flowers in bloom again, and the sugar-cane, the cotton, and the fruits ready to provide food and clothing for the island people. Monsieur Tascher would not rebuild his old house, but laid rush mattings on the sugar-cane floor and hung the beams with draperies and kept his family there. Soon Josephine and her sisters forgot the big house near the sea and grew fond of this old stone building that looked more like a fort than a dwelling.

Sometimes Creole girls from the town of Fort Royal would come to visit Josephine, and one of these friends of hers was Mademoiselle Aimée Dubec de Rivery. Aimée and Josephine and Adée would go on long rambles through the valley, hunting for rare flowers and fruits. One summer day they went much farther than usual and followed the river through the hills until it became a little brook and then smaller and smaller. They had almost reached its source when they came to a hut on the side of the hill, built of palm and cane leaves, with a great *gommier* tree spreading its leaves protectingly above it. Under the shelter of this bower sat a native woman, with the black eyes and purple-black hair, the smooth orange-tinted skin and the graceful figure of the Caribbean women. She was dressed in the brightest colors, as if for a holiday. On her head was a turban of gay madras, a silk scarf crossed her shoulders, and her skirt was violet silk.

Both turban and shoulder-scarf were studded with gold ornaments and what the natives called "trembling-pins." The girls knew by her dress she could not be an ordinary woman. "Who is she?" whispered Josephine. "What they call a priestess of Obeah," answered Adée in a low voice. "A woman who can tell fortunes by the stars and by the look of hands."

The native, seeing the girls whispering and glancing furtively at her, rose and took a few steps towards them. "Come into my house," she said; "I have a message for you."

The girls hesitated, but Adée, speaking in French, said, "She will not hurt you. It's quite safe."

So encouraged, Josephine and Aimée accepted the invitation and followed the priestess into the hut. They found it much larger than it looked from the outside and its walls ornamented with bunches of colored grasses and queer masks made of wood and painted with berry juices.

The woman drew forward some rude benches. "You did not come to learn your fortunes," said she, "I know that; but to-day they shall be told you."

She seated herself on a stool in front of them and touched the hands of each of the girls. They shrank back a little, but Adée, used to such people, told them they had nothing to fear. The fortune-teller smiled. "Why should you be afraid?" said she. "It is good news I have to tell you both. Wonderful news it is. You will both be Queens, one of you will reign in France, and the other in the palace of an Oriental Sultan."

Josephine and Aimée had listened closely, but the prophecies seemed so absurd that they began to laugh. The priestess frowned and shook her head at them. "Yes, you will both be fortunate at first," she continued, "each will make a long and stormy voyage, each will marry happily, but the husband of one will die early, and the other will be captured by pirates from Algiers and sold as a slave to the Sultan of Turkey. He will marry her and her son will sit on his throne."

She ceased speaking and closed her eyes for a moment. Then she opened them and looked fixedly at Josephine. "As for you," she said slowly, "it is written in the stars that you will marry the greatest man the world has seen for many centuries. No, he is not yet in the world's eye; his star will rise as yours does. And when your star sinks his also will drop below the horizon. That is all. I have spoken. Go now. You do not believe me. Wait, wait twenty years and you will see."

The woman's solemn manner impressed the girls, and they left her hut in silence. When they were out in the sun again they tried to laugh and forget her words, but her voice haunted them. Adée wished she had not urged them to listen to her. Much subdued they went back by the road through the valley to the old sugar-house. It was twilight before they reached it, the stars were out and the Southern Cross shone high up in the sky. As they left the valley a black bird winged away to the hills, crying shrilly. "Preserve us!" exclaimed the superstitious Adée. "That was the Devil-bird. Hasten home, Yeyette dear!"

The Devil-bird was the name the people of Martinique gave to a particular kind of stormy petrel that made its home in the mountains but hunted food in the sea. When the fisherman or the mountaineer hears its shriek he crosses himself, saying, "The Devil-bird is abroad, and I must seek shelter." Adée, like all the natives, was very superstitious, and now she was certain that something harmful would happen. She thought her fears had come true when that evening Madame Tascher told her they had decided to send Josephine away to school.

Adée was much distressed. She threw her arms around Josephine and called her by her pet name. "Oh, Yeyette, ma fille, you won't leave your dear Adée, will you? What can you learn at school? You know how to dance and sing, to play the *tambou*, to embroider, to whistle like the birds and run like the wind. You won't be as happy there. Oh, stay with me, Yeyette."

But Josephine's mother, although she was sorry to have her daughter go, had decided it was best. "They can teach you more at the convent than I can here," she said, "and you can come home every week."

So, a few days later, Josephine left the sugar-house in the valley for the convent school of the "Dames de la Providence" at Fort Royal. There she lived with her grandmother, and had a very good time, going to her country home during the long vacations.

Adée, however, deserted by her young mistress, married a young Martinique farmer while Josephine was at the convent school, and when Josephine came

home in the summer of her fifteenth year she found Adée was living some distance away, in a valley near the sea. She sent an old African guide across the hills to invite Monsieur and Madame Tascher, Josephine and her two younger sisters, Desirée and Marie, to make her a visit. The family accepted, and one morning set out at daybreak. Monsieur Tascher, riding a Porto Rico pony, went first, followed by his daughters, who sat in hammocks made of tough grass slung between poles borne on the shoulders of plantation-negroes. Madame Tascher had decided to stay at home.

The three girls enjoyed every step of the journey. They went down the valley to the sea and along its shore. The sun danced on the waves and lighted the distant hills of the island of St. Lucia. The sweet-smelling honeysuckle, acacia and jessamine were in bloom, and the brilliant little humming-birds darted like streaks of color above the flowers. The girls, lying back in their hammocks, listened to the native songs sung by the negro bearers. The African guide in front had a *tambou*, or drum made of skin stretched over a wooden frame, and he beat on this in time to the singing to send warning of their arrival. So they rounded a spur of the hills and came to a curving beach with a fringe of cocoa palms separating it from green meadows.

A little colony of the free natives of Martinique lived here. Huts built of grass, with thick thatched roofs and wattled sides, stood in this clearing, and all about were the groves and gardens of ripe tropical fruits that grew so abundantly everywhere in the island. Adée

was standing in front of one of the huts, her baby boy in her arms. As she caught sight of Josephine she ran to welcome her, and putting the baby in the hammock clasped her former mistress in her arms. She crooned over her, calling her pet names. "Ah, Yeyette, my jewel, dear little lady, light of my eyes. I wondered when you would come to see your loving Adée!"

The travelers dismounted, and Adée's husband and others of the natives were presented to them. Then they were led to a feast spread upon the grass, and as they sat there at lunch a boy climbed a cocoanut tree just back of them, and gathered a dozen nuts. Adée's husband cut off the pointed end of each nut, and the girls drank from the small holes the purest and most refreshing water. Native girls, about Josephine's age, waited upon the guests, and served them with course after course. After that Monsieur Tascher and his daughters took a short siesta, as is the custom in warm countries after the noonday meal.

Later Adée led her guests to a near-by grove of palms where the air was cool from the water. There they found the old African who had been their guide, and they sat on the ground in a ring about him. He took his drum on his knees and began to beat upon it, sounding the notes of the weird African war-dance called the *calienda*. Others of the men played on calabashes and gourds, and the wailing music rose and fell and came echoing back in uncanny fashion from the depths of the woods about them. Sometimes it seemed to the girls as if the muffled notes of the drum

came straight from the ground beneath them. "Listen, Yeyette," whispered Adée to Josephine, "it is the voice of Pelée himself, the great demon-jombie, who speaks to us from his home in the heart of the great volcano. Listen, listen, dearie."

Then the old musician sat astride upon his drum, playing upon it with his fingers and kicking it with his naked feet. He burst into a song that was as wild as his music, and all the native men and boys about him joined in until it rose to a tumult that seemed to shake the forest. Then all of a sudden it dropped, and ended in a long-drawn roll of the drum.

After this rude music Adée led Josephine and the others down to the beach, where the tide was now coming in. A mile out from shore stood a great rock shaped like a pyramid. "What is it, father?" asked Josephine, pointing across the waves. "That's the famous 'Diamond Rock,'" he answered. "Don't you remember, Yeyette, the story of how the English captured it from us twenty years ago? Our little French clippers used to run in under its shelter and so reach Fort Royal. Then the English commander vowed he'd take it and sent men to hoist cannon up to its top and fortify it. After that our ships couldn't get by. But finally the English sailed away and then we French turned it into our own fort. It is said the British navy entered it on their books as 'His Majesty's Man-of-War, Diamond Rock,' and called its defenders the crew."

The rock looked very inviting in the mid-afternoon sun. "Can't we go over to see it?" begged Josephine.

Adée turned to her husband. "Won't you take us over in your canoe?" she asked.

In a few minutes the canoe, hollowed out from the trunk of a great tree, was launched, and the guests were speeding out over the smiling bay. Strong paddling soon brought them to a little harbor, where they landed. Josephine said she wanted to get the view from near the top. But Adée looked doubtful. "It's very steep," said she. "You can go a little way, but the path is very near the edge."

"I'm not afraid," cried the girl; "come on, Adée." And she started up by the narrow trail that wound like a ribbon about the face of the steep rock.

Her father had been looking across the bay. As soon as he saw Josephine high above him he called to her to come back. She laughed and blew a kiss down to him. Then she went on, until suddenly the trail stopped, broken by a barrier of dislodged rocks. The place was so cramped she could not turn. She looked down and saw a sheer precipice two hundred feet to the dancing waves below. The height made her dizzy, she swayed and was about to fall when Adée, who had climbed fast after her, caught her and held her on her feet. They hung so a moment, almost over the edge, but Adée was very strong, and she managed to keep her footing. With a great effort she swung Josephine about and set her on a wider ledge of rock. "Shut your eyes," she said, "until your head is steady."

So Josephine crouched with closed eyes while Adée reassured her with gentle words. Before she opened

them her father had climbed up to the ledge and taken her in his arms. She hid her face on his shoulder, and he, with Ad  e to help him, carried her down to the shore.

The canoe sped swiftly back to the settlement, and after a short supper the hammock-bearers swung the poles to their shoulders again, Monsieur Tascher mounted his pony, the old African took his place as guide, and the procession started homeward through the twilight. It was a strange wild journey, the three girls swinging in their hammocks, the guide beating upon his drum and waking echoes in the sleeping groves, and the combing waves of the Caribbean breaking on the rocks along the shore.

Josephine grew to be one of the most beautiful girls in Martinique, tall and slender, with the healthy grace and color of those who live most of the time out-of-doors. When she left the convent school and returned to live on her father's sugar-plantation she was known through all the neighborhood as "La Belle Creole," and her mother's relations in France, hearing of the girl's beauty, begged her to come to Paris and enter into the gayeties of French life. But Josephine, passionately fond as she was of dancing and music, was devoted to her own family and the simple plantation life. In the morning she had her bath in the clear pool under the *ceiba* tree, and after that the light duties of her share in the housekeeping, the caring for her garden of luxuriant flowers, and a ride through the valley with her father as he went over his estate. At noon came the lunch, and then the siesta, and in the

late afternoon visits to neighbors' plantations, and in the evening music and dancing at their friends' houses or parties at home. It was a quiet life, but a very happy one.

In the summer Monsieur Tascher and his neighbors often made excursions to picturesque places in the island. The highest mountain peak in Martinique is Mont Pelée, which rises above a ridge of lower hills. In warm weather the air on the higher slopes is deliciously cool and clear, and so one May Monsieur Tascher took his family and a party of friends on a picnic to the hills known as the Carbet-Peaks. The preparations for such a trip were most elaborate. Slaves were sent a day ahead to clear a trail. Others were given charge of the canoes, and others appointed to carry the hammocks for the ladies. Josephine and her mother had been busy a week preparing food for the trip. They started on a beautiful morning, going by canoe to the town of Fort Royal, where most of their friends joined them. Several of the girls and boys whom Josephine had known while she stayed at her grandmother's went with her, and among others a young Englishman who was visiting in Martinique.

From the town the party went straight up into the hills, some riding ponies, some swinging in their hammocks. Slaves had cleared a path through what had been an impassable tangle of vines. As they went higher the air cooled rapidly, and the palms and bamboos gave place to fern-trees and the fragrant gum-trees of the hills. They came to a broad plateau, with a view of the distant sea, and here they stopped,

unpacked their baskets, and had lunch. After that followed a short siesta, and then came games and dancing on the broad plateau. The young Englishman lacked the gayety of the others, and Josephine, thinking he might be homesick, asked him if he would care to make a little excursion with her farther up the hill. He was delighted, for he admired Josephine's beauty and grace, and jumping to his feet, he called for his pony and groom and for Josephine's hammock-bearers. Then the two started on a little exploring tour.

They had not gone far when the young Englishman said that it seemed to him that the breeze had suddenly died away. Josephine nodded. Looking about she could see that the leaves of the trees and even the fern fronds were motionless. There was no whispering breeze, the birds had ceased their singing, and the only sound that came to her ears was the low murmur of what was called the mountain-whistle in a distant valley. All at once it seemed as though the stillness and the heat were more than she could stand. "Come, let us go on at once," she said. "I feel very strange."

The young man dismounted and told his groom to take the pony back. Then he walked close to Josephine's hammock to keep her company. They had not gone far when some new feeling of loneliness led them to turn and make for the plateau where the rest of the party had been. They found the others had already started down the trail, and followed after them. All at once came a noise that made them stop, a noise they had been expecting but had feared to hear. The trees

around them were moaning, the distant valleys groaning, and the earth beneath them rumbling louder and louder. The hammock-bearers stopped, and then dropping their poles fell upon their knees, crying out, "The earthquake! Oh, the earthquake! It has come again!"

The young Englishman leaped forward to catch Josephine as she fell from the hammock. She gained her feet. Then came a second shock, more powerful than the first, and she was thrown forward and caught at his arms. So they stood, holding to each other, waiting, while the negroes shrieked and beat their heads on the ground.

The earthquake only lasted a moment, but it was some time before they had courage to go on down the mountain. They joined the others, who had been too much excited to notice their absence, and the whole party hurried to the shore. They found Fort Royal wrecked, many walls fallen, many roofs caved in, and the streets filled with homeless people. As soon as he could, Monsieur Tascher put his family in their canoes and set out for home. Late that night they reached it and found that the old sugar-house and the plantation were unharmed.

It was not long after this that Josephine's father and mother decided that their eldest daughter should go to visit her relatives in France. Fond as they were of their home in Martinique they thought their children would be happier in their mother country. It seemed as if nature, to make up for the wonderful flowers and fruits, the beauties and the easy life of the tropical

island, had given many drawbacks. The hurricane, the earthquake, the volcano, were there as well as the warm sun and summer sea. Monsieur Tascher decided that his daughters should live in a safer place than the old plantation.

But when the news came to Adée in her little hamlet that her darling mistress was to start on her voyage to France she hastened to her. On the way she stopped at the hut of the fortune-teller, and later she saw a flock of Devil-birds winging out to sea. She threw herself at Josephine's feet. "Oh, Yeyette dear," she cried, "don't go, don't go! The Devil-birds say 'Beware of the sea.' And the old woman in the hills foretells that you will see beautiful sights and be Queen of France, but afterward will perish in a storm."

Josephine drew her faithful friend to her. "Never fear, dear Adée," said she. "I shall come back in a little time. As for the witch, how absurd she is. I couldn't be Queen of France even if I wanted to be, so I needn't heed her warning."

But Adée would not be convinced, and she and the other slaves who worshiped Josephine were very sorry when the day came for her to sail.

She reached France safely, and her relatives found the beautiful Creole girl as lovely as she had been pictured to them. It was not long before they had arranged a marriage for her, according to the custom of the time. She was sixteen, and they chose for her husband a youth of nineteen, Alexander de Beauharnais, son of the Marquis de Beauharnais.

After that Josephine made her home in France,



JOSEPHINE

TO VIRU
ALBGO TLAC

though she paid one visit to the old plantation on the island. She had married into a family of the ancient nobility of France and had to share their fortunes. The old nobility had ridden to the edge of a precipice and the fury of the French Revolution blew them over to destruction. In the days of the Terror young Beauharnais and his beautiful Creole wife were thrown into prison on the charge of being aristocrats. They stayed there many days, seeing one after another of their friends go to the scaffold. At last Alexander was himself condemned, and like so many other gallant young Frenchmen met death bravely at the guillotine. Josephine was stunned, she did not care what happened; then, a day or two later, she was told she was to share his fate. Her friends were bowed in grief, but she was brave. "I condemned to death?" she said. "Why, my friends, have you never heard me tell of the Martinique priestess who said I would one day be Queen of France? Have no fear for me."

They tried to smile at her courage, but they had little hope.

The next day Robespierre, the man who had led the Revolution, was himself killed, and the prisons thrown open. Josephine, a young widow with two children, was free to go where she would.

Strange as it seems the prophecy did come true. A little later Josephine met a young officer named Napoleon Bonaparte, who came from the island of Corsica, and who had already shown himself a great commander. He fell in love with her at once, and she, stirred by his great ambitions, listened to him. He

pointed to a star rising in the heavens, told her it was his, and begged her to share its glory with him. His ardor won her, and she became Madame Bonaparte.

The young general carved out an empire for France and made himself the head of it. The day came when he crowned himself Emperor of the French and then crowned Josephine as Empress. So it was that Napoleon and Josephine, both born in islands outside the bounds of France, reigned in Paris. The prophecy had come true.

It is said that the old Caribbean fortune-teller was right in all her prophecies made to the two girls that far-away day. Legend has it that Mademoiselle Aimée, the other girl, was captured by pirates of Algiers, sold as a slave to the Sultan, who married her, and that her son became Sultan in his turn. We know from history what happened to Josephine. She ruled for a time as Empress, beloved by the French people, then Napoleon for reasons of state divorced her, and she went to live at the Château of Malmaison in the country. Hers was a wonderful life, as full of glory and as full of storm as were the days of her girlhood on the sugar-plantation in tropical Martinique.

XIV

Dolly Madison

The Girl of Philadelphia: 1768-1849

MISTRESS LOGAN was giving a party in her house at Third and Pine Streets. It was a spring evening and the open windows allowed the music of fiddles to float out-of-doors. Boys and girls were dancing and whispering and laughing, and some were walking in the gardens behind the low brick wall.

A girl and boy who had come slowly down Third Street stopped on the corner opposite Mistress Logan's. They looked across at the bright house and listened a moment to the fiddles. "It's Betty's birthday party," said the boy. "What does thee say, Dolly, to going to it instead of visiting at Aunt Eliza's?"

The girl shook her head. "Mother says dancing and music are not for us Friends. Mistress Logan is of the world's people."

"But Betty asked thee, didn't she?"

"Yes, and I told her I'd very much like to."

"Then why not go, Dolly? 'Tis surely no sin."

Pretty Dolly Payne smiled and sighed and looked again at the lighted windows. Will Rogers saw that she was hesitating. "'Twill be such fun," he urged. "Thee has never tried to dance a minuet."

"Yes, I have," said she, "in secret. In our old barn down South. I know all the steps."

"Then come and show me," he begged.

Dolly glanced down at her white dress, white stockings and black slippers with the bands crossed about her ankles. They were suitable for a party. "If thee'll promise not to leave me alone and take me home when I say so I'll go," she said.

"I'll promise," agreed Will, and taking her hand he led her across the street.

Very demurely Dolly went up the steps and in at the door. Mistress Logan was talking with some ladies in the hall, but her quick eyes spied the new guests. She turned and held out her hand to the Quaker girl, who was very pretty, with bright Irish eyes, heavy eyebrows and long lashes, curling black hair, and a soft, warm-hued skin.

"Betty'll be glad you came, Dolly," said Mistress Logan. "She's back in the dancing-room. You know the way, Will."

Dolly went through the hall and looked in at the big room which was only used on state occasions such as this. At first she felt a little shy. She had very lately come north from plantation life in Virginia, and Philadelphia was such a big and gay city. Even the boys and girls here talked about the fashion, and thought a great deal about their clothes and their manners. Dolly could not help but admire some of these agile young men who graced the dancing-room, dressed in bright coats with many silver buttons, gorgeous waistcoats, very tight small-clothes, silk stockings and low

pointed shoes with great gleaming buckles. The girls of her own age were simply dressed, but there were some older ones who wore gowns of beautiful brocade which spread out over hoops like balloons. These girls had sparkling ear-drops, and slippers to match their gowns, and as they danced Dolly could catch glimpses of the clocks on their bright colored stockings. There were many belles there and many beaux whom Dolly had seen promenading the shady side of Chestnut Street on pleasant afternoons.

Will Rogers drew her half reluctant into the big room. Some girls and boys she knew crowded round her. Then the musicians, seated on a dais near the front windows, played the opening notes of a minuet. "Now's our chance, Dolly," said Will, "if thee'll do me the honor."

She gave him her hand and they took their places in a set of their friends that was just forming. The stately dance began with a great deal of bowing and courtseying. The music swung them into the maze of steps, and the room became a kaleidoscope of moving figures. The beaux, with hands outstretched, balanced on pointed toes, the belles dipped and rose and twirled about, their wide skirts circling gracefully around them. Dolly had told the truth. She did know how to dance the minuet. She and her sisters and some of their Quaker friends had practiced secretly, and she did not have to watch the others to recall the steps. Will Rogers and Betty Logan and the others were surprised. Dolly, by nature very graceful, and loving music, was the best dancer in the set.

The minuet ended, and the guests broke up into little groups. Dolly Payne and Betty Logan together, their arms about each other's waists, went towards the supper-room. Dolly caught the whispers of girls and young men she passed. "That's the little Quakeress," she heard one say. "She's the daughter of John Payne who came here from Virginia last winter." And another murmured, "I thought the Friends didn't approve of dancing," and a young man exclaimed, "She's pretty as a picture, whoever she is. She'll be the toast of the town some day."

Dolly's ears tingled and her cheeks flushed. She was having a wonderful time, and she meant to stay and enjoy herself just as though she were really one of the "world's people." Betty and she sat down in the supper-room while Will served them, and a stream of boys and young men came up and bowed over Betty's hand and looked at Dolly so admiringly that Betty hastened to present them to her. She held quite a little court, and the beaux, finding she was the rage, came and elbowed out the younger boys like Will Rogers and stood in a half-circle before her, and tried to outdo each other in their attentions. One asked if she had been sailing on the Schuylkill River, and another said he should plan a party for her to the Governor's house at Shackamaxon on the Delaware and show her where William Penn made his famous treaty with the Indians, and a third wanted to know if she did not prefer Chestnut Street to any fashionable promenade in Virginia. Then the young man who had said she would some day be the toast of the town

elbowed his way through the rest and, being introduced, asked if he might have the pleasure of showing Miss Payne through the garden.

Dolly felt very grown up as she went through the hall on the arm of Mr. Samuel Mifflin. She had often seen him walking in the Commons near the Schuylkill. "Next winter," he said, "or as soon as your mother will present you, you must go to the big balls. There's no city in the country has their equal. I've heard gentlemen fresh from London praise our routs as something superfine. Do you like our city?"

"It frightened me at first," admitted Dolly. "So many people, and so many chaises in the streets. But I like it now. Every one's been so very kind to us."

"Assuredly," said he. "How could they help it? And I hope you're going to be kind to us."

They walked up and down and he told her a great many things about himself and his friends, until she felt she knew him quite well. Then they went indoors and he led her out in a dance which made her the centre of all eyes again. Dolly bore herself like a grown-up lady.

A little later, while she was still enjoying herself very much, Will Rogers came and asked if she was ready to go home. "Isn't it very early?" she asked.

"We would be coming back from Aunt Eliza's by now," said he.

"It seems a shame," sighed Dolly.

"Your mother'll be expecting us," he answered.

She smiled at him, he had been so eager for her to come and now was so eager for her to leave.

"Thee is as changeable, Will, as a weathercock," said she. He, his face very stubborn, said nothing. She had only given him that one first dance.

By the time she reached home Dolly was feeling very subdued. She knew that her father and mother, good Quakers, did not approve of dances, and thought she had spent the evening at the house of an elderly aunt. Will left her at the front door and she went in alone. Her mother was sitting in the living-room at the rear of the first floor, sewing by the light of a flickering candle. "I've been to Betty Logan's party," said she. "I danced the minuet and the country dance, and I met many 'world's people.' Was it very wrong of me?"

Dolly's face was so serious that Mistress Payne could not help smiling. "Thee knows, dear, we do not approve of dancing. Why did thee go?"

"I couldn't help it. And I did have such a good time."

"Thee must learn to do what is right, and not what thee wants the most. No real harm was done. Go to bed now and tell me of it in the morning."

Dolly rose. "The 'world's people' seem to have such fun, mother. Why is it so?"

"Thee will too, dear, in thy own way. Good-night."

So she took her candle from the side table, lighted it, and went up to bed.

John Payne, Dolly's father, although he did not approve of those Friends who dressed in brilliant hues and who were scornfully called "Wet Quakers," was a broad-minded man. He knew that Dolly loved

bright colors, and made no objection to her wearing a dainty pink bonnet to the Meeting-House next day, nor to the gold chain and locket which gleamed under the close-pinned white kerchief at her neck. He knew it was hard enough for children to sit through the long hours of the Friends' meeting. Every Sunday, or First Day as they called it, the Payne family went to the Free Quaker Meeting-House at Fifth and Mulberry Streets. There the father and boys took seats on one side of the simple white-painted room, and the mother and daughters on the other. There was no pulpit nor choir, but a platform ran in front of the bare benches and here men and women stood from time to time and spoke to the others. Mr. Payne was a man of learning and eloquence, and many a morning Dolly heard him address the meeting. But when no one was speaking or when the words grew monotonous in her ears she could not help studying the men and women about her and wondering why it was better for them to wear great broad-brimmed hats and black coats and mouse-colored bonnets and drab gowns instead of the bright and dashing costumes of the rest of the world.

Dolly thought Philadelphia fascinating. She had been happy in Virginia, with wide fields to play in and a devoted black Mammy to look after her. She could remember how her father, in spite of being a Quaker, had buckled on a sword and ridden away from the plantation to be a captain in the Continental Army. She could remember how anxious her mother had been, and how the first question they asked of any stranger

was for news of the war, and how even the smallest boys at the schoolhouse had spent recess-time drilling on the green. Then the war ended, and her father came home proud and happy, and they had joined their neighbors in a celebration and thanksgiving for their country's safety.

There were few Quakers, however, in Virginia, and John Payne soon looked longingly towards his friends who dwelt on the shores of the Delaware River. He freed the slaves on his plantation and selling his estate set out northward to the City of Brotherly Love. They had to travel by heavy wagons without springs, which jolted the poor passengers, and often hours were spent in getting up a steep hill or over rough ground. Outside Philadelphia lay deceitful quagmires and here the horses floundered and the wagons sank to the hubs in mud. But at last they got safely across the bog and Dolly caught sight of the distant steeples and roofs of the country's metropolis.

Philadelphia was the biggest city in the land then, and it had the reputation of being very rich and gay. The Paynes had many relatives and friends there, and very soon felt at home. Her cousins showed Dolly the imposing steeple of Christ Church and she heard the beautiful notes of the famous chime of bells brought from England, she saw Carpenter's Hall and the red brick State House where only seven years before the Declaration of Independence had been signed. She walked on Chestnut Street near the Delaware, which was the fashionable promenade, and admired the ladies in their great muskmelon bonnets and balloon skirts and the gentlemen in their long coats decorated with

little capes covered with rows of bright silver buttons. Sometimes she and her friends strolled along the banks of the Delaware or wandered across the wide Commons towards the Schuylkill, gathering flowers to take home with them. Once she happened to be going to the market on Third Street with her mother on a Saturday morning and saw men and women standing in the pillory there, and a man, fastened to the whipping-post, being flogged. After that she always avoided the market on Saturday mornings.

As she was the oldest girl in the family Dolly helped her mother in the housekeeping. This was not very difficult because the Paynes kept the Quaker standard of simplicity, and their house, though comfortable, was by no means large. Mr. Payne used the front room on the lower floor as his office, and the family used the back room as general living-room. Neatness was the key-note here; there was nothing fanciful about the whitewashed walls and sanded floor or the Franklin stove which was just coming into use. Here the family met at meal times and sat on winter evenings or when the weather would not allow them to use the little front porch. When Dolly's mother gave a tea-party, however, she and her daughter entertained their guests in the state drawing-room on the second floor where the furniture was all of a pattern and very delicate. Here the guests had to be careful of the spindle-legged chairs and the thin china of the teacups, and Dolly, sitting up very straight, as all girls were taught to do, wondered why ladies preferred this to the informal room down-stairs.

Dolly won friends quickly. Before she had been in Philadelphia three months she knew most of the children of Quaker families, and they had made her one of them. Then the others began to notice the pretty girl with the half shy, half mischievous eyes who was so much interested in everything she saw on Chestnut Street. After Betty Logan's birthday party word spread about that Dolly Payne was very entertaining, and young men who had just met her stopped at her father's porch to chat in the evening and treated her to their most magnificent smiles and bows when they met her on the street.

The elegant Samuel Mifflin, interested in the young lady as a future belle, did call and escort her out to Shackamaxon where he showed her the Treaty Elm and told her how Governor Penn had stood beneath it and bargained with the Indians ringed about him in a half moon. He also took her for a sail on the upper reaches of the Schuylkill and drove her in his bottle-green chaise out to see the fine old mansions of near-by Germantown. She found him very charming, but she liked her friends who were not of the "world's people" quite as well, and she managed to keep the friendship of each set. The children of Mrs. Drinker, who lived not far from the Paynes, in a big house at the corner of Front Street and Drinker's Alley, were her closest friends, and she went on many a sleigh ride and quilting party, proper Quaker entertainments, with them.

John Payne had done very well on his Virginia plantation, but when he tried to go into business in Philadelphia he found many rocks ahead. He was

not a good business man, and in addition the cost of living in the country's biggest city was far higher than in the south. He failed, and ill health added to the difficulty of the family. At this time a young Quaker, of good reputation and some money, began to pay attentions to the pretty Dolly Payne, and before long it was announced they were engaged to be married.

Dolly went through the embarrassing Quaker ceremony of rising in two successive meetings and saying she proposed taking John Todd in marriage. As no objection was made they were married in the Meeting-House on Pine Street by the simple Quaker manner, standing up together before the congregation gathered in the bare-walled square house. Simplicity was the key-note; there was none of the festivity which made brilliant marriages of the "world's people" in Philadelphia.

Mistress Dolly Todd made a devoted wife to her young husband. She had subdued her love of music and bright colors and become a typical young Quakeress. Her face was very fair, with smiling mouth and eyes that had a wistful shyness. She wore a cap of tulle, and her throat was bare save for a lace kerchief on the shoulders. Her gown was gray, and her only ornament usually a large brooch which held the kerchief at her breast. Except for her beauty she was like a hundred other young women in the town.

John Payne, broken by his business failure, died soon after Dolly became the wife of the young lawyer. Then her younger sister Lucy, who was only fifteen,

married George Steptoe Washington, nephew of the President, and went back to live in Virginia. In time two sons were born to John and Dolly Todd.

In August, 1793, the dreadful plague of yellow fever broke out suddenly in Philadelphia. There seemed no way to stop it. Fear was everywhere, business ceased, friends shunned each other, church bells tolled all day, and all who could procured carts, wagons, chaises, coaches, even chairs, and left the city. John Todd took his wife and two young children in a litter to Gray's Ferry, a lovely place in the woods on the Schuylkill, which was used as a pleasure resort by Philadelphians, and where many of his friends had now taken refuge. He himself felt that he ought to go back to the suffering city, and so, with a hasty good-bye to Dolly and the babies he returned to town.

The plague had spread fast through the heated town and John Todd had no sooner reached there than he learned that his father and mother were both ill with it. They succumbed, and he found himself beset with friends and relatives who needed his help. He stayed, and when he went again to see Dolly at Gray's Ferry he carried the plague with him, and died of it. She, who had nursed him, fell ill, and when she recovered, found she had lost both husband and child, and was alone in the world with only her older son.

The frosts of November put an end to the pestilence and Philadelphia opened her doors and took back the refugees. The young widow returned with the others, like many of them bowed down by the weight of her losses. But she was only twenty-five and she had

many friends and Philadelphia, in spite of its recent tragedy, was gay, so that before a great while Mistress Dolly Todd was going about again and now much more freely than in the days of her sober Quaker girlhood. Some people said she was only really beginning to enjoy society now, and certainly it was hard for her sunny nature to keep from enjoying the pleasures she found about her.

As Philadelphia was the capital of the United States the leading statesmen of the day spent much of their time there. Dolly's mother had received some boarders into her house as a means of support and Dolly helped her there. It was a delightful place in which to lodge, and among others the distinguished Colonel Aaron Burr settled at Mistress Payne's. He met Dolly and admired her, as did all the men who saw her at receptions and parties during the next winter. Then one day Colonel Burr told her that "the great little Madison" had asked for the honor of a presentation. Mistress Dolly said she would be pleased to meet Mr. Madison, and so one evening the handsome, debonaire Colonel Burr brought a little man clad all in black save for his ruffled shirt and silver buckles and presented him as Mr. James Madison. Mistress Todd sat on a sofa in the candle-lighted parlor of her mother's house, and she asked him to sit beside her and tell her news of her sister in Virginia. Mr. Madison was captivated, and before many days it was public property that the "great little Madison," as his friends jokingly called him, was busily paying his addresses to the beautiful Dolly Todd.

"The great little Madison" was seventeen years

older than Dolly, but he won her, and they were married, and went south to Virginia to live on the splendid estate of Montpelier where Madison had built him a mansion in the Blue Ridge country. Here they were happy and spent much of their time, going to Philadelphia and later to Washington when Congress was meeting and Mr. Madison had to be there.

The men who framed the constitution thought highly of the quiet, sedate Mr. Madison, and Jefferson made him his Secretary of State. Then he was elected President and reëlected and Dolly and he lived in the White House at Washington and became the leaders in the young country's official life. It was then that her love of society and of music showed itself most fully, for Dolly Madison became famous as a hostess and all who met her joined in admiration of her charms. She had been very lovely as a little Quakeress in Philadelphia, and the whole country found her fascinating as the First Lady of the Land.

XV

Louisa of Prussia

The Girl of the Little German Duchy: 1776-1810

A LADY sat in the small drawing-room of the palace at Hildburghausen in Thuringia, and in spite of herself her right foot would keep beating an impatient tattoo on the floor. She was dressed in white satin, with a small circlet of diamonds in her powdered hair, and her face was as fresh and her eyes as bright as those of a girl of twenty. Every few minutes she turned to look at the clock upon the mantelpiece and then back to the door.

Her patience was evidently becoming exhausted. At last she stretched her hand to the table beside her, and struck the gong that stood there. The soft, mellow notes floated through the hall. In a moment a young woman entered and courtseyed to the lady in the chair.

"What keeps the Princess Louisa, Fraülein?" demanded the lady.

"She is still busied with the hair-dresser, your Highness," answered the maid. "She should be ready in five minutes more."

"Five minutes! I told her we should start at the stroke of nine. Now it is almost half after the hour. She shall learn that not only time, but her grandmother as well, will not wait for slow-coach girls. The car-

riage has been waiting long enough. I shall go at once. Bring that cloak yonder down to me."

The speaker rose, picked up her fan from the table, and went out through the hall to the main entrance of the palace. Two footmen bowed her down the steps, and a third handed her in to the big coach that was waiting. The maid followed with the cloak, and a lady-in-waiting, who had heard steps in the hall, came hurriedly out and took her place beside the Princess in the coach.

The door was closed, the coachman cracked his whip, and the Princess George William of Darmstadt rolled off to the ball.

Fifteen minutes later a girl came running down the great stairway of the palace. She wore a blue satin gown, very high-waisted, and her throat and arms were bare, except that about her neck was wound a white silk scarf. She had big blue eyes, which seemed to be always smiling at some hidden joke, there was a dimple at one corner of her mouth, and her gold-brown hair was piled high and wound in a dexterous fashion by a skilful hair-dresser. Her tall graceful figure suited the costume of the day perfectly. It would have been hard to find a prettier girl in all Germany.

She ran into the drawing-room, knowing well that she was very late. "Where is grandmother, Fraülein?" she demanded of the maid she found alone there.

"Her Highness has gone, Princess Louisa," answered the maid. "I said you were nearly ready, but she wouldn't wait."

The Princess Louisa looked at the clock. "I am a slow poke, but Monsieur Dupin was so slow with my hair. Nevertheless I'm ready now, so let's be off, Fraülein."

"But there's no carriage," objected the other.

"Never mind that. I'll go on foot. Come, I don't want to miss any more of the dancing than I can help. Besides, think how surprised grandmother'll be when she sees me come in alone."

With a laugh she turned and ran down the hall to the door, the Fraülein following aghast. It was a warm evening and she stopped for no wraps. Picking up her long skirts she sped down the main street of Hildburghausen, only smiling at the few people she met who stared at sight of a princess in such haste.

She was out of breath by the time she reached the ball, and her cheeks were a bright red. Stopping in the dressing-room only long enough to make sure that her wonderful coiffure was undisturbed she entered the big hall and went over to her grandmother. That lady, a smile hovering on her lips, stared at her granddaughter. "How did you get here, Louisa? I thought you'd decided to spend the evening at home."

"I'm very sorry, grandmother, but Monsieur Dupin was so slow. I couldn't stay at home with the violins playing here. May I sit beside you and look on?"

But already half a dozen young men stood respectfully waiting, just at her elbow, and she had only to turn to meet half a dozen bows and half a dozen requests that her Highness would make them happy forever by the favor of her hand in the next dance.

Louisa chose the nearest, a tall blond youth in a blue uniform with a bright red sash, and a moment later she had been whirled away and had disappeared in the throng on the floor.

Louisa needed no chaperon that evening. The music of one dance had scarcely ended before she was being besought by partners for the next. She was the prettiest girl in the room, the best dancer, the lightest-hearted, the most amusing. Whenever she caught sight of her grandmother she waved her hand to her, and each time that lady smiled back a message, for this particular granddaughter was the apple of her eye.

Soon after midnight the ball ended, and the Princess George William and the Princess Louisa were shown to their carriage and departed amid many salutes. "Now, little Cinderella, home again," said the elder Princess. "I hope you didn't break too many hearts to-night."

Louisa laughed. "You are a fairy godmother," she answered. "And I know if anything's broken you'll make it whole. What a lucky girl I am! I don't need three wishes, because you've given me everything I want."

Louisa had been given a great deal. Unlike most princesses of that age she had been brought up simply and given a really good education. Her father, Prince Charles of Mecklenburg, younger brother of the reigning Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, was a dashing cavalry officer, and would have offered his services to one of the two great sovereigns of that time, Maria Theresa of Austria, or Frederick the Great of Prussia,

had not his sister Charlotte chanced to marry King George III of England, who asked him to stay in London for a while and then made him governor of his little German kingdom of Hanover. In Hanover Prince Charles settled, married the Princess Frederica of Hesse-Darmstadt, and here his third daughter Louisa was born on March 10, 1776.

The little Louisa, her three sisters and her brother, were brought up in the old and rather gloomy palace at Hanover and in the one-storied villa on the outskirts of the city. Their father was not a reigning prince and so there was none of the rigid ceremony of court life about his home. The five children lived just like those of other well-to-do Germans in Hanover. They all inherited unusual beauty of face and figure from their mother. Unfortunately when Louisa was only six years old her mother died, and the five children were left in charge of their governess, the kind-hearted *Fräulein von Wolzogen*.

The old palace in Hanover now seemed to Louisa's father a more cheerless abode than ever, and he moved his family out to his country house called *Herrenhausen*, which had been built as a small copy of the French palace at Versailles. Here there were gardens and orangeries, fountains and fish-ponds, and the children were free to play outdoors as much as they liked. The two older sisters, Charlotte and Theresa, were usually together, and Louisa, young as she was, began to try to fill the place of mother to her younger sister Frederica and her brother George.

For two years and a half *Herrenhausen* was the chil-

dren's home, and then their father told them that he was going to marry their mother's sister Charlotte, and took them with him to the big city of Darmstadt for the wedding. There for the first time Louisa saw something of real court life and showed her fondness for music and dancing and all the pleasures of a capital. Soon after they returned home her sister Charlotte, who was fifteen years old, was married to the young Duke of Hildburghausen, and went away from her home in Hanover. Now that the younger children had a stepmother the Fraülein von Wolzogen felt free to accompany the Duchess Charlotte.

Unfortunately the stepmother died within a few months, and Prince Charles found his children again left without any woman's care. He saw only one way out of the difficulty, and giving up his governorship of Hanover, went back to Darmstadt, which was the home of his mother-in-law, the Princess George William. She was a very brilliant woman, a friend of Frederick the Great and of the famous men of letters, Goethe and Schiller, who were giving new life to Germany, and she was devoted to these motherless grandchildren of hers. The girls were so lovely that, although they had no money for dowers, she dreamed of great marriages for them, and soon after they came to Darmstadt she arranged a wedding between Theresa, who was sixteen, and the Prince of Thurn and Taxis.

Louisa, however, was her grandmother's favorite, and they were together much of the time. The little Princess was taught to care for books and music, and to know something about the lives of other people.

When she went out to her grandmother's country-house she was led to take an interest in the poorer tenants there, and before long she was so anxious to help them that she wanted to give their children the clothes off her own back. Finally one day she was discovered borrowing money to give for a charity, and her grandmother had to put a stop to her zeal. But the tenants quickly learned to love her, and gave her the title of "Little Lady Bountiful."

Meantime France, that country after which almost all the little German principalities had liked to pattern themselves, had fallen into turmoil, and the people were rising in opposition to their king and denouncing all monarchs. The King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria were led to make war on France, and soon all the provinces near the French border were filled with troops. Darmstadt ceased to be a safe or pleasant residence, and so the Princess George William took Louisa and the two younger children to the safe little town of Hildburghausen in Thuringia. Here dense forests of tall pines kept the town far from the noise and troubles of the great outside world, and the Princess and her pet granddaughter could amuse themselves to the full just as though no war were being fought near Darmstadt. Here at this little forest court were gathered famous musicians and poets, for the Duke and Duchess who lived there were talented themselves and liked to have talent about them. Here the opera and the theatre flourished, and balls were given almost nightly by some of the nobility. The Princess George William entered into all the entertain-

ments more like a girl than a grandmother, and Louisa went everywhere with her. She never missed a dance when she could help it, even when, as we have seen, her grandmother left her at home because she was so slow in dressing. Her great beauty, her liveliness, and her wit made her the belle of Hildburghausen the winter she spent among its forests. Young men by the scores pledged their hearts and swords to the service of the lovely Princess Louisa.

She did not give all her time to dancing and music, however. A great interest in books had spread throughout Germany, and many a winter afternoon and evening was spent by grandmother and granddaughter reading and talking over some of the great books of the day. She had a real love of knowledge, a thing which would have been considered very remarkable in a German princess fifty or even twenty-five years earlier, but which was coming to be quite usual by the end of the eighteenth century. Her grandmother, still planning a brilliant marriage for Louisa, did everything she could to encourage this taste for learning that the girl showed.

The German kingdom of Prussia had grown very strong and powerful under the rule of Frederick the Great. The Princess George William heard good reports of the young Crown Prince of Prussia, Frederick William, and planned how he and Louisa might meet. The chance came when Louisa was seventeen. The King of Prussia and his two sons paid a visit to the city of Frankfort, and the Princess George William took her two granddaughters, Louisa and Frederica, to



LOUISA OF PRUSSIA

By Gustav Richter.

REVISED
APPENDIX

share in the celebrations. Fête followed fête, and at the first one the two princes met the two girls. The Crown Prince was fascinated by Louisa's great beauty and charm, and his brother equally so by the lovely Frederica. They followed the two girls everywhere, and before the week was past each prince had begged his father that he might marry his own particular princess. The King was delighted with the princesses himself, and as soon as he found that his sons were so much in love he gave his consent. Louisa and Frederica were soon won over by the ardent young men, and a contract was made for this double marriage.

So it was that these two princesses, without dower and without lands of their own, made unusually brilliant marriages. But the Prussian princes had done better for themselves than they knew, for there were no two other princesses in Europe so charming as these two of Mecklenburg. Among so many marriages made for reasons of state these of Louisa and Frederica stand out as blessed by a happier fate.

In December the two girls and their devoted grandmother left the city of Darmstadt for Berlin. The people were very fond of them, and they set out amid the chimes of bells and the cheers of a great throng. Traveling by carriage was slow, for the December days were short, and it was dangerous to travel after nightfall. At the end of a week they reached Potsdam, where the Crown Prince and his brother met them. The next day they entered Berlin, the capital of Prussia. The beauty of the two princesses made an instant appeal to the crowds that lined the streets.

They seemed like the heroines of some old German legend or fairy tale. The people had wondered what the bride of their Crown Prince would be like. From the moment when they first saw her Louisa won their love completely.

On Christmas Eve Louisa of Mecklenburg married Frederick William of Prussia, and two days later her sister Frederica married his brother Louis. They had given up the quiet lives of such small cities as Darmstadt and Hildburghausen for that of a great court, and henceforth their careers were to be open to all the world to observe and criticize. Yet the more the Prussian people saw of Louisa the more completely they fell under her charm, and when she and her young husband ascended the throne in 1797 she had already become almost the patron saint of her people.

It was very fortunate for Prussia that Louisa was her Queen. Her husband, Frederick William III, was an upright man, honorable in all respects, and devoted to his family. But he lacked self-confidence and the gift of imagination, and without these qualities it is hard for any one to be a leader of men. Louisa had them, and so far as she could she tried to make up for the lack in her husband. That unquestioning allegiance which the people had formerly given to the Great Frederick they now rendered to their "good Queen Louisa."

Great difficulties faced the young King and Queen very shortly. Napoleon had made himself Emperor of the French and was waging relentless war on all his neighbors. It seemed impossible for any army to cope

with his, or for any statesman to meet him on equal terms. The German countries were disorganized, the Austrians and the Prussians met one defeat after another at the great Emperor's hands, and the people were disheartened. Continual defeats broke the spirit of the soldiers and patriotism was in peril of disappearing. But through those years of discouragement Queen Louisa held her people together, stirred them to rise time and again to resist Napoleon, planned how to keep her country from sinking into a mere French province, and never gave up hope. It was a hard task, but she was equal to it. Prussians took heart again because of her love for them, and fought on and on and kept the fires of patriotism burning. That was her work, and it was as great a one as any woman has done for any country.

Prussia did survive, and in surviving grew great. In time two of Louisa's sons came to the throne, first the elder boy, who reigned as Frederick William IV, and after him the second son, William, who was to win a great war with France, and to add to his title of King of Prussia the larger one of Emperor of Germany. The Germany of to-day owes a great debt of gratitude to Queen Louisa.

There are two very famous paintings of this Queen, the one showing her descending a flight of stairs, and the other walking in the garden, with one son on either side of her. In both paintings she is very beautiful, and in both the nobility of her character shows in her face. A German writer advised every mother to put a portrait of Queen Louisa in her daughter's room, and

almost every German mother has taken the advice. She is the ideal of the German people to-day as she was a hundred years ago, and it is a very noble ideal. History can show few women in high places who were as charming, as steadfast and as brave as was this beautiful Louisa of Prussia.

XVI

Charlotte Brontë

The Girl of Yorkshire : 1816-1855

WINTER had come to Yorkshire, and winter there meant snow that swirled across the empty moorlands and winds that shrieked like demons of the air. The view by day was bleak and wild enough, but by night as lonely as a storm-tossed sea. From the windows of Patrick Brontë's little parsonage the world was a field of snow quivering like quicksilver in the light of a fickle moon.

A small girl, undersized for her eleven years, sat looking from a window on such a night. Her thick brown hair hung to her shoulders, her face was pale and strangely old for her age, her nose quite large and her mouth crooked. She was not pretty, but as she sat with her chin resting on her small and delicate hands her eyes were full of a dreaming light that made her face very striking. They were brown eyes and they were her great charm. People who looked at this quaint old-fashioned little girl forgot the rest of her face and only remembered the glow of those clear and ever-changing eyes of hers.

She had always known the moors. She knew their look when they lay hazy in the summer sun, and when the fogs of autumn swept across from the North Sea

and overcame the criss-cross lines of sleet and rain. They did not frighten her, but sometimes, as to-night, they brought her their sense of loneliness and cold. At last they made her shiver and she turned to look at the blazing kitchen fire.

Two little girls and a boy sat on the floor, gazing at the hearth. A tall woman was just finishing putting away plates in a dresser. The fire made her shadow very long, running up the wall and across half the ceiling. The girl by the window got up from her chair and walked to the group by the fire. "Can't we light a candle, Tabby?" said she. "This flickering is hard to see by."

The woman turned about. "Candles be expensive. There's no need of such the night."

"It makes the room look better."

"It be good enow lookin' as 'tis, Charlotte," answered Tabby, very positively, and considering that matter settled she turned back to the kitchen table to brush and fold up the cloth.

Charlotte sat down on the floor by the others and no one spoke for some time. Then the boy stretched his arms and said, "Oh, my, I don't know what to do."

"Nor I," agreed one of the girls. "Neither do I," echoed a second.

"Wha ya may go t' bed," said Tabby.

"I'd rather do anything than that," answered the boy.

"Why are you so glum to-night, Tabby?" asked Charlotte, and then, without waiting for an answer, she exclaimed, "Oh, suppose we had each an island of our own."

"If we had I'd choose the Island of Man," said the boy, whose name was Bramwell.

"And I'd choose the Isle of Wight," said Charlotte.

Emily put in, "The Isle of Arran for me," and Anne finished by declaring, "And mine should be Guernsey."

Charlotte was thoughtfully pulling a lock of her long brown hair. "Let's see. Who'd we have as chiefs on our islands?"

Bramwell said, "I'd take John Bull," Emily chose Walter Scott, and after much consideration little Anne decided on a nobleman who was popular at that day named Lord Bentinck. "Very well," declared Charlotte. "I take the great Duke of Wellington."

"You'll tak the Duke of Wellington?" said Tabby, turning round, her work done. "Wha ya'll be doin' naw is to tak yasells off t' bed."

"Oh, Tabby, it's so early," said Bramwell.

"Whist, no word. Aff wi' ya," and the big Yorkshire woman waved her apron as if she was shooing chickens.

There was no use to argue with Tabby. The four children knew that from past experience, so they picked themselves up and went off to bed.

Often the three girls, even after they were sent upstairs to bed by the strict housekeeper Tabby, would continue the stories Charlotte or Emily would have begun in the kitchen, and this night Anne, as she made ready for bed, tried to go on with her description of her beautiful island. But the sight of the storm-swept moors and the sound of creaking boards and straining

shutters were enough to drive all thoughts of islands from her head. She was glad enough to get into bed, and so were her sisters, for they had no candle and the room was as chilly as it was dark.

The Brontë children were used to hardships. Their father was a clergyman in the small town of Haworth in Yorkshire, and their mother had died when they were very young. They were all delicate, and one or another was almost always ill. The storms of winter and the damp mists of summer made Haworth a very trying place in which to live, and there were few pleasures to make up for the hardships. Mr. Brontë wanted the children to have a good education, and he sent his oldest daughters, Maria, Elizabeth, Charlotte and Emily to a school near by at Cowan Bridge. They suffered from the cold there, from poor food, from the long walks they were forced to take across the wind-swept open country on their way to and from school, but most of all from a lack of sympathy in their teachers. The four little girls, all old for their age and rather silent, often hungry and shivering, found no one to care for them. Maria, the eldest, had had whooping-cough and the cough clung to her after she was said to be well. She was much brighter than the other girls in her class, and, not being strong enough to play their games, was left alone much of the time. One morning, when the rising bell woke her in the cold darkness of the early winter day, she felt too unwell to get up. She had had a cold and the doctor had applied a blister to her side as was the custom. Now she called to Charlotte that she wanted to speak to her.

The girls slept in a long dormitory, and Maria's bed was at the end, next to the door of a little room occupied by one of the teachers. Charlotte was already dressing and went over to Maria. The sick girl said she was ill and wished she could stay in bed. Charlotte and the others who were near urged her to do so, and said they'd explain to the principal. But the teacher who roomed next door was a tyrant, and Maria stood in fear of her. So, after a few minutes, the poor girl sat up, and, shivering with the cold, began to pull on her black worsted stockings. By this time the other girls were almost all dressed, and some were starting down-stairs. Suddenly the door next Maria's bed opened and the teacher came into the room. She looked at the pale, shaking girl, and without a word, reached over, seized her by the arm on the side of the blister, and whirled her into the middle of the floor.

"The idea, Maria Brontë!" she cried. "You untidy girl, trying to dress in bed! Why weren't you up with the others when the bell rang? Pretending that you're sick! Hurry up, or I'll report you to Miss Temple."

Some of the other girls turned around indignantly, and Charlotte, her face flushing, started to defend her sister. But Maria, almost in a whisper, begged her not to say anything. "I'll get down in a few minutes," she added.

The teacher left the room, and the girls soon followed. After a time Maria, with Charlotte's help, managed, with many a pause, to go down the stairs. She was late, and, though any one who looked at her

could have seen she was ill, she was punished for not being down at prayers on time. Charlotte never forgot that, nor other hardships suffered at that school. A short time afterward Maria died, and then Elizabeth the second sister, and Charlotte found herself in the position of mother to her two youngest sisters and her brother.

What pleasure those children had was of their own making. Their father was busy in his study most of the time, and when he did talk to them it was to discuss politics and history as though they were grown up. Tabby, a Yorkshire woman, was the general servant of the house, and although she ruled the children sharply she was very fond of them and never begrudged them a kindness. She had lived in this West Riding country before the mills had changed it, and when all the wool-spinning was done slowly by hand in the thatched cottages that nestled in the valleys. Sometimes she and Charlotte would go for a walk on the moors and find seats in the heather, and Charlotte would ask her questions. Tabby told her how, before the mills and the factories came, the fairies had used to dance at midnight in the "bottoms" or low places, and how she knew many old people who had seen them. She would always end her stories of the fairies by saying, "It wur the factories as had driven 'em away." Then she would tell Charlotte tales of the old decayed gentry of the neighborhood, and family secrets and old superstitions, all of which fitted well into the lonely and wild scenery about them.

When Charlotte wanted to play she fell into the habit

of writing stories and making up magazines. Her sisters did the same, and in the long winter afternoons they would read these tales to each other and invent new ones. They were remarkably good: when Mr. Brontë came across any of them he was very much surprised at them. His little women were old for their years, as a result of their lonely life and the inclement country that kept them much indoors.

When Charlotte was fourteen her father sent her to the school of Miss Wooler at Roe Head. This was a pleasant place, much more cheerful than the first school or than the bleak parsonage at Haworth. The old country house, now used by the school, sat in rolling country, with views of wooded hills and sunny green valleys, and meadows crossed by little streams with foot-paths and stiles alongside them. Here Robin Hood was said to have hunted and lived under the greenwood tree, and monks had their homes in the days when the Plantagenet kings had ruled over England. The woolen mills were crowding their way in here, just as they were over all of the West Riding of Yorkshire, but there were still many fine old manor-houses, built in Elizabeth's time, carved with coats-of-arms and filled with curious family relics.

Charlotte came to this school in mid-winter. She rode there in a covered cart, and by the time she arrived she was cold and homesick. Her dress was old fashioned, one that Tabby had patched and patched again. When she went into the schoolroom she was very shy and nervous, and the others thought her a very odd, 'old-fashioned' girl. She was too shy to

make friends readily, and at first she was left much alone.

One day soon after, another girl came upon Charlotte standing by the window looking out at the snow-covered lawn where the others were playing. She was crying, and the other knew just how homesick and lonely she was feeling. She waited, and when she had the chance went up and spoke to Charlotte, and told her how at first she had felt the same way. Very gently she won her confidence and they became friends, the first close friendship Charlotte had ever known outside her family.

Miss Wooler soon found that Charlotte was an extraordinary pupil. She knew a great deal about books, and could recite pages of poetry and tell about the authors. She could write essays on history and on current events and she knew as much about such matters as her teachers. On the other hand she knew nothing about grammar and very little of geography. She liked to talk and to walk in the meadows and to listen to stories of the neighborhood, but she cared nothing for games, and even her most intimate friends could not get her interested in picnics or their other amusements. She was undoubtedly odd, but in spite of her being so different from them the ten or twelve girls in the school grew very fond of her in the two years she stayed there.

When she went back home, although she was only sixteen, she took not only the place of mother, but of teacher, to her sisters and brother. She spent the mornings in teaching them what she had learned at

Miss Wooler's school, and in the afternoons the three girls would walk over the moors, wide stretches lying purple in the sun, broken here and there by the cuttings of stone-quarries. If they felt strong enough and had the time they would go to a waterfall, where a brook went tumbling down into a narrow valley. They were fond of this lonely place, as they were of all secluded spots. They seldom went down from the parsonage through the village and rarely called on the people who went to their father's church unless they were specially invited. They each had a Sunday-school class, and often gave teas for their pupils, but beyond that they met few people, and much preferred the quiet of the moors.

All three sisters loved books, and the volumes in Mr. Brontë's library were pored over and thumbed until they needed new bindings. There was a circulating library four miles away, at the town of Keighley, and they often walked there and back, peeping into the new books on their way home. The day that Charlotte opened Scott's "Kenilworth" was a red-letter day. She could hardly put it down to eat or sleep. She read the rest of Scott's romances in the same eager way, and talked of them for days. She loved heroes, she had always thought the Duke of Wellington the greatest man of the time, and the stories of chivalry and adventure which she found in the Waverly Novels were not so different from those she had been told of old houses and families near her own home.

This love of the romantic and the strange was deep-rooted in all three of the sisters. They were like shy,

wild creatures of the woods who must live in their own secret haunts. When Charlotte was nineteen she went back to Miss Wooler's school, this time as a teacher. Emily went with her as a pupil, but she pined so for the weather-beaten parsonage and the open moors that she had to be sent home at the end of three months. Charlotte wrote about her, "My sister Emily loved the moors. Flowers brighter than a rose bloomed in the blackest of the heath for her ;—out of a sullen hollow in a livid hillside her mind could make an Eden. She found in the bleak solitude many and dear delights ; and not the least and best-loved was—liberty." So Emily went home, and, as Tabby was growing infirm, she took charge of the housekeeping and the baking. Many a passer-by, looking in at the kitchen of the parsonage, saw Emily Brontë kneading a pan of dough while she read a book propped up on the table in front of her. In this way she studied German, and this was the only way in which she could study and be happy, in her own home where no strange people or scenes could disturb her.

Each of these three sisters, Charlotte, Emily, and Anne, brought up as they were in such a lonely fashion, showed in time rare talent, and in the case of Charlotte and Emily remarkable genius. They wrote poems and novels and sent them to publishers under assumed names. One day a new novel entitled "Jane Eyre" appeared, with the writer's name given as Currer Bell, and in a short time it was acknowledged to be a very great book. It was full of romance and told of open country and wild places and strange events. After a



CHARLOTTE BRONTË

TO THE
HONORABLE
MEMBERS OF THE
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
IN SENATE
JANUARY 1, 1900

time the public learned it was not written by a man, as most people had supposed, but by a woman, a young school-teacher who lived in a small town in Yorkshire, and whose name was Charlotte Brontë.

The novels written by Jane Austen, who was at that time generally considered the greatest of English women writers, dealt chiefly with society, the happenings of the day among ladies and gentlemen such as might be found in any English town. They were drawn to life and were wonderfully real and vivid. But Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre" was as different from Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice" as was the wild and stormy country about Haworth from the comfortable and blooming lawns and gardens of a market town near London. Miss Austen wrote of the people she knew, and Charlotte Brontë, following the example of her master, Walter Scott, wove the strange stories of her moorlands into a tapestry that was wider and richer than anything she had actually seen or known. We can see how this must have been. The West Riding of Yorkshire at the time she lived there, in spite of its new mills and factories, was a very primitive place. In winter, when the roads were almost impassible with snow, the little towns and the lonely country houses were shut off from the outer world for weeks at a time and the people forced to lead solitary lives. Travelers by the mail-coach had often been snowed up for weeks or fortnights at small inns on the uplands and forced to starvation diet when the landlord's stock of turkeys, geese, and Yorkshire pies ran low. Those who lived in the manor houses or old baronial halls, shut in

by snow or storm for the long winters, developed queer fancies, as people who live much alone are apt to do, and often committed wild deeds which were told of throughout the countryside and which grew as they were repeated. With many such people, their solitary homes, and their histories Charlotte was familiar from her girlhood, and often she and her sisters, crossing the moors, would catch a distant glimpse of some ghost-ridden mansion and talk to each other of it in whispers. Charlotte's mind was stored with such matters, and when she and her sisters came to write they turned as naturally to these wild and out-of-door histories as did Walter Scott to the legends of Highland and Lowland which he had met with in his boyhood.

Near Miss Wooler's school at Roe Head was an old house called Oakwell Hall. It was a fine old place, with courts and gardens, a paneled hall with a great balcony running about it that opened into the bed-chambers, a tapestried drawing-room, and furniture of old and heavy pattern. Charlotte, in her school-days, had often looked across the lawn and watched the pigeons strutting in the sun before the door. She had heard the story of the old mansion's ghost, how way back in 1684 on a winter afternoon the family of Captain Batt, who owned the hall, had seen him come up the lane, although they thought he was in London, and heard him enter the house and go up to his own room. But when they followed him they found he had vanished and only left the mark of a bloody footprint on the floor. Later word came that he had been killed in a duel in London that very afternoon.

This same family named Batt had other stories laid to their account. One of the Captain's ancestors had stolen money and horses, furniture and land during the troubled days after the Restoration. At last he stole the great bell of Birstall Church near by, and as that was considered a sacrilege he was fined and it was decreed that the owner of the Hall should pay the same fine each year. This custom was still kept up in the days when Charlotte lived at Roe Head. The history of the place also told of great hunting-matches, when stags were shot in the park and the gentlemen hunters feasted on their spoils at night and drank deep and sang loud and spent the hours in dare-devil bets and pranks. All this Charlotte knew, and had pictured to herself many a time, and when she came to write her novels of "Shirley" and "Villette" she described such places as Oakwell Hall and such people as might well have lived there.

After Charlotte Brontë had become famous she went to London and saw something of that great world of city life of which she had often read. She met Thackeray, a writer whom she admired very much, and she was presented to a great many distinguished people as the author of "Jane Eyre." After a short visit she went home to Haworth and stayed there, taking up the duties of housekeeper in her father's home and settling again into the secluded life she knew so well.

In all Charlotte Brontë's stories we feel the wild winds of her Yorkshire moors, and in her girlhood there was much of the loneliness and bleakness of that land. She was different from most girls, more shy of people

and more fond of solitude, an almost elfin child, but one whose gift of imagination was so great that she could write books which stand in the front of English literature and have made her name famous the world over.

XVII

Victoria

The Girl of Kensington Palace: 1819-1901

KENSINGTON Palace is in London, but away from the centre of the city and facing the beautiful gardens which bear its name. It is a fine royal home, decorated and enlarged by all the English kings from the days of William III and his Queen Mary, and there the Duchess of Kent was living with her daughter Victoria in the spring of the year 1837.

At dawn of the twentieth of June of that year a heavy post-chaise might have been seen dashing over the road from Windsor Castle to London. Two gentlemen sat inside and every now and then one of them glanced at his watch as if impatient that they were not traveling faster. The driver on the box was doing all he could to urge his horses, and the *postilion* at the back had to hold tight to keep his footing as they swung around corners and gathered speed for the uphill dashes.

The coach clattered into London and swept through the sleeping city. The first beacons of dawn were tinting the gray stones of the town buildings a soft pink. The streets were empty, only occasionally a man would turn and stare at the flying steeds and the

great rocking coach. He might well wonder what weighty business was on hand that would send two serious-looking gentlemen flying through London at such an hour.

The coach whirled through the open fields that lay near Kensington Palace. The birds were singing and a breeze swaying the branches of the great chestnuts, but the huge mansion seemed still asleep. The coachman drew his horses to a stand before the gate at the foot of the gardens, and the two gentlemen hurriedly alighted and went up the walk. They climbed the steps and rang the bell at the main door. They waited, glancing eagerly at the neighboring windows. No one answered their ring, so they rang again, and one of them, an elderly man in a white wig, knocked on the door impatiently.

It might have been the sleeping palace in the wood to judge from its quiet. They rang again and again, then knocked and pounded, but it was a quarter hour before the door swung slightly open and a sleepy-eyed footman peeped out at them. "We must see her Grace the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria," said the elder man. The footman looked his amazement at this strange request at such an hour, but there was no doubting that the two men were persons of rank, so he threw open the door and permitted them to enter.

The footman showed them into an anteroom and disappeared. More time passed, and the gentlemen grew quickly very impatient. At last one of them stepped to a bell-rope and gave it such a pull that the

ring could be heard echoing down the corridors. An attendant appeared at the door, and the older man said to him, "This is the Lord Chamberlain and I am the Archbishop of Canterbury, and we must see her Grace and the Princess at once."

"Yes, my lord," said the servant, and with a low bow he departed.

Five minutes passed and then a lady-in-waiting came into the anteroom. "I'm sorry," she said, "but the ladies are still asleep and cannot be wakened."

The Lord Chamberlain smiled slightly. "You evidently do not understand," he answered. "We are come on business of state to the *Queen*, and even her sleep must give way to that."

The lady looked amazed, but now she understood. "I will go to her Majesty at once," said she, and left hurriedly.

The two gentlemen were standing talking by a window when a light step in the hall made them turn. Through the doorway came a girl, looking about fifteen years old, clad in a dressing-gown, a shawl over her shoulders, and slippers on her feet. Her long brown hair, falling loose, made a frame for her white and surprised face.

The two gentlemen quickly stepped forward and knelt before the slender girl. The younger of them, who was the Marquis Conyngham, Lord Chamberlain of England, presented a paper to her, saying at the same time, "It becomes my duty to inform your Majesty that your royal uncle, King William IV, died very early this morning, and that you are now the

Queen of this realm." Then he raised her hand and kissed it in token of allegiance.

The other man, the venerable Archbishop of Canterbury, then kissed the young girl's hand, and stated that Queen Adelaide had asked him to come to Kensington Palace with messages for the new Queen. The girl, very pale, but quite self-possessed, bade them both rise, and told them she was prepared to do whatever the laws of England might require of her. With that she left them, to return to her dressing-room.

The Princess Victoria was eighteen when she was thus suddenly changed from a very quiet little girl, living simply with her mother in Kensington Palace, to be sovereign of a great country. Young as she was, and seeming younger because she was so slender, she was remarkably calm and self-controlled. When the Privy Council, composed of the great nobles, the Cabinet Ministers, the bishops, and other dignitaries, met in the large drawing-room of Kensington Palace later that same day, they found themselves facing a young girl, clad in a close-fitting dress of black silk, her hair parted and drawn back from her forehead. She wore no jewels or ornaments of any kind. She bowed to the lords about her, took her seat at the head of a long table, and read the speech which had been prepared for her in a clear low voice without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. The men, who knew how quietly she had been brought up and how unused she was to any formalities, were very much surprised to see her assume the duties of this great position so easily and with such perfect grace.



VICTORIA RECEIVING NEWS OF HER ACCESSION TO THE THRONE

TO THE
HONORABLE
MEMBERS OF THE
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

Although the Princess Victoria's father was younger brother to King William IV, Victoria herself had no thought that she might be Queen until one day when she was twelve years old. Then her governess slipped a paper showing her family tree into a history she was studying. The Princess opened the book and saw the paper. "I never saw that before," she said to her governess. "It was not necessary you should," her teacher answered. Victoria read the paper. "I see I am much nearer the throne than I ever thought," said she. "So it is, dear," the governess replied. "I suppose many children would be glad to rule a great land," said the Princess thoughtfully, "but it seems to me full of difficulty." A few moments later she added, "I see now why you want me to study so much. I'll try and do what you want me to."

Yet, in spite of the fact that she knew from that time that she might some day be Queen, and spent much time trying to fit herself for that position, it was a great step from the simple life at Kensington to the brilliant and public court of Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace. She had been free to play in the gardens, to ride with girls her own age, to work, watering-pot in hand, over her flowers, and to spend part of her summers with other children at the seashore. Now that was all over. Everything she did from morning to night was known and talked about, grave ministers of state and diplomats had to be with her wherever she went, she could not make a visit in the country without the greatest pomp and ceremony, ladies-in-waiting and grooms must accompany her whenever she went

out-of-doors. It changed her whole manner of life, and yet she stepped into this new place as naturally and serenely as though she had never known any other.

Her girlhood had in truth been a very quiet and simple one. Her mother, who had been a German Princess, was very anxious that Victoria should grow up a thorough Englishwoman, and although she herself spoke English with some difficulty she always talked to her daughter in that tongue. The Princess Victoria could speak French and German easily and read Italian. History was one of her favorite studies, and she knew that of England well. One day a bishop at the palace asked her opinion of Queen Elizabeth. Victoria answered promptly, "I think she was a very great Queen, but I'm not quite sure she was a good woman."

Drawing, however, was her greatest pleasure, and under a skilful master she soon became very proficient. Many hours were spent in the palace gardens sketching, and that was one of the pleasures she continued after she had come to the throne.

Only very occasionally did the Princess Victoria go to court. The first time was when she was ten years old, and the King was giving a children's ball for the little child-queen of Portugal, Dona Maria Da Gloria. Small Dona Maria wore a dress covered with jewels, but Victoria was a contrast in her plain white dress and quiet, almost shy, manners. A little later she went to her first state Drawing-room, where she stood beside Queen Adelaide, and had all the guests formally

presented to her. She was twelve then, short for her age, with dark blue eyes, and a smiling good-natured face, and so amiable that every one who met her felt at once drawn to her. For the most part, however, she met very few strangers, and was almost unknown to the world of London, on that momentous day in June, 1837, when her reign began.

From that date everything changed. Although she was only a girl in years she appeared a woman of much experience. At nineteen she was crowned with great ceremony in Westminster Abbey. From then her days were arranged according to strict routine. From an early hour in the morning she worked with her ministers, reading despatches, signing papers, taking the greatest interest in everything relating to her country. At two she rode, accompanied by a large suite. After that she practiced her music and singing and saw her particular friends. Dinner was at half-past seven, and after dinner she talked with her guests at the palace until half-past eleven, when she retired. Into this life she fitted perfectly, and continued to follow it for the greater part of her long reign.

Some years before, when Victoria was seventeen, her relatives had considered the matter of her marriage. Prince Albert of Coburg was regarded as a youth of fine character, and he had been invited to make a visit at Kensington Palace. He was very handsome, and Victoria took a strong liking to him from their first meeting. When she had become Queen the matter of her marriage became a subject of great state importance. It was arranged that Prince Albert should

again visit England, in company with his brother Ernest, and the matter of a marriage be discussed.

The young Queen had already made up her mind. She wrote quaintly in her journal, "On Tuesday, October 15th, the two princes went out hunting early, but came back about twelve. At half-past twelve I sent for Albert. He came to the closet, where I was alone. After a few minutes I said to him that I thought he must be aware why I wished him to come, and that it would make me too happy if he would consent to what I wished (namely, to marry me).

"There was no hesitation on his part, but the offer was received with the greatest demonstration of kindness and affection. He is perfection in every way—in beauty, in everything. I told him I was quite unworthy of him. He said he would be very happy to spend his life with me. How I will strive to make him feel as little as possible the great sacrifice he has made! I told him it *was* a great sacrifice on his part, which he would not allow. I then told him to fetch Ernest, which he did, who congratulated us both, and seemed very happy. He told me how perfect his brother was."

The Queen and Prince Albert were married in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on February 10, 1840. The pale and slender girl had become a charming woman, and as she rode through the streets to her wedding great crowds cheered the lovely bride. She had already won the love of her people, and her husband, who was given the title of Prince Consort, won the same affection as soon as he was known to them.

Royal marriages have only too often proved unhappy. As the young Queen had said, Prince Albert was in a sense making a sacrifice, for he could not be King of England, and must always take a second place at his own court. He could only advise his wife as to her decisions in all state affairs; it was she who would have the final word as to what should be done. It was a very difficult position, but he was so fine a man that he filled it perfectly, and their married life was ideally happy. Quietly, by sheer strength of character, he made himself a power in England, and helped Victoria in many a difficult position without seeming in any way to interfere.

Victoria reigned over England from 1837 to 1901, over sixty-three years, and during all that time she grew in her people's affection. It was one of the greatest reigns in all history, for although there were none of the great military conquests which had made other kings and queens so famous, there were the infinitely greater and more enduring developments which make a nation happy. We speak of the age of Pericles in Greece, and the Augustan Age of Rome. Beside these we place the Victorian Age in England, an era of wonderful discoveries and inventions, of great philosophers and scientists, poets and novelists. When Victoria was crowned railroads and steamships were in their infancy, there were no telephones, no telegraphs, no cables. There was scarcely any machinery of any sort, men were just beginning to experiment with those ideas which have since revolutionized the comfort and the business of the world. And hand in hand with this

great advance in material affairs went an equal advance in many other lines. Darwin and Huxley and Spencer in science, Dickens and Thackeray, Carlyle and George Eliot in prose literature, Tennyson and Browning in poetry were to make the age famous. No other age in English history, not even that of Queen Elizabeth, had seen such great achievements as did that we call by the name of Victoria.

In other ways she saw England grow powerful. In time she took the title of Empress of India, and the colonies across the seas grew larger and much richer. She had great statesmen to direct her in this empire-building, and she was wise enough to follow their advice. Throughout her long reign she showed those same qualities of self-reliance, of calmness, and of devotion to duty which had seemed suddenly to come to her on that early June morning when she was hailed as Queen for the first time.

XVIII

Florence Nightingale

The Girl of Lea Hurst: 1820-1910

IT was early summer-time in England, just when the hawthorn dons its wonderful veil of pink and white along the roadsides, when the lilac-bushes are bursting into purple blossom, and the soft turf beneath the stately oaks and beeches is thickly carpeted with daffodils. Then the sun has work to do, like any gardener. That spring he had done it well, for the girl who stood on the terrace of the splendid house of Lea Hurst thought she had never seen the hillsides and the valley and the far-circling moors such a deep, rich, warm green before. This was a very beautiful part of English country, and the girl loved it better each time she came back to it from her other home in the south. It was the rolling romantic land of Derbyshire, right in the heart of England. Through the valley below slipped the silver river Derwent, a ribbon winding in and out among the hills. Beyond the nearest valley rose gently-sloping wooded heights and towering above them was the bold promontory called Crich Stand. On the other side were little hamlets nestling here and there in the rolling country, each with its knot of thatch-roofed cottages, and each

strung like a bead on the chain of a broad white road.

"Oh, but isn't it lovely, Max!" the girl exclaimed looking down at an Ayrshire terrier who was rubbing himself against a big earthenware jar that held a cluster of pink and purple fuchsias.

The dog stopped rubbing and looked at the little lady above him. "Come along," she said; "we'll see what the garden's done."

Girl and dog raced around the house to the southern side. The gardens here sloped down in a series of wide terraces joined by stone steps. They lay radiant with colors in the sun. The girl stopped and drew a long breath of delight. Then she ran down the steps and bent above the flowers murmuring fond messages to each.

There were beds of peonies and wall-flowers, rainbow-tinted primulas and pansies, delicate forget-me-nots and slender ladies-lilies, mignonette and heliotrope and irises, and border bushes of candytuft in bloom. They seemed like old friends to the girl; she knelt beside them and touched her face to theirs, and whispered how glad she was to be back with them again.

While she was so busied with the flowers two gentlemen came down the stone stairway that led from the library to the flagged terrace of Lea Hurst. "There's Florence," said one of the men to the other. "Give that little daughter of mine flowers or birds or animals of any sort to care for and she's as happy as the day is long."

The other man, who was the vicar of the country

church, smiled. "She ought to love such things. How could a girl with the lovely name of Florence Nightingale do otherwise?"

They walked down the steps of the garden. The girl, hearing their voices, sprang up and ran to meet them. "Oh, I'm so glad to see you again, Mr. Ritchie!" she cried. "We've missed you so much all winter."

"And we have missed you, little lady bountiful," said the vicar. "Mrs. Ritchie will be glad to know you're back in Derbyshire."

"Are you riding home now?" Florence turned impulsively to her father. "Please, sir, may I ride over with him to take tea with Mrs. Ritchie at the vicarage?"

"I'll see her safely home," said the clergyman.

Mr. Nightingale nodded. "Tell Sanders to saddle your pony, and bring him with Mr. Ritchie's horse to the door. I wish I could go too, but I've letters to write."

The girl ran to the stables, and a very little later she and the vicar were picking their way down the sloping drive of Lea Hurst to the valley of the winding Derwent. A short time and they were out upon the downs, riding with loose reins, making the wide circle of a flight, instead of taking the short way. On every side spread the soft yellow-green reaches of the level uplands, flecked here and there with dark purple patches where clouds were floating across the light of the sun. On and on they went, the vicar on his big horse, Florence, her brown hair flying in the wind, near him on her fleet-footed moorland pony.

The downs were dotted with grazing sheep, and finally the riders came to a place where they found a shepherd, an old bent man, trying to collect his scattered herd by hobbling after them and calling in cracked tones to them. He was working without success, the sheep only scattered farther.

The riders drew up and watched the old man's efforts. The vicar knew him. "Where's your dog, Roger?" he asked.

"The boys hereabouts have been throwing stones at him, sir," answered the shepherd, "and they've broken his leg, poor beast. He'll never be good for anything again and I'm thinking of putting an end to his misery."

"You mean poor old Cap's leg is broken?" asked Florence. "Oh, can't we do something for him, Roger? It's cruel to leave him all alone in his pain. Where is he?"

"You can't do any good, missy," said the old shepherd sorrowfully. "I'll just take a cord to him to-night—that'll be the best way to ease his pain. I left him lying in the shed over yonder."

Florence looked pleadingly at Mr. Ritchie. "Oh, can't we do something for poor Cap?" she begged.

The vicar, seeing the pity in her face, turned his horse towards the distant shed, but Florence, with a word to her pony, dashed past him. She reached the shed first. Dismounting she ran inside. In a corner lay the poor moaning sheep-dog. Florence knelt down on the mud floor, and with the greatest care not to hurt him touched his head with her soft hands and

whispered soothing words to him until the dog lifted his big brown eyes and looked gratefully into her face.

The vicar had now come into the shed, and kneeling beside Florence he examined the dog's leg. After a few minutes he said, "The stone only cut it. The bone is not broken. A little careful nursing ought to put him all right again."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" exclaimed Florence. "I love nursing. What should I do first?"

"Well," said the vicar, smiling at the girl's interest, "I should advise a hot compress put on Cap's leg."

"What's a compress?" asked Florence.

"It's a bandage made of cloths wrung out of boiling water and laid on the wound," explained Mr. Ritchie.

Delighted at the thought of helping the poor dog the girl went out of the shed. Very near stood the shepherd's cottage, and lying on the grass in front of it was the shepherd's small boy. She went towards the cottage. "Is your mother at home?" she asked the boy. He shook his head. "She's gone to Derby town," he said. "Well, I want some boiling water," she explained. "Come help me," and without more ado she went into the cottage kitchen.

The boy helped her light a fire and they soon had the kettle boiling. Florence looked about for cloths for bandages, and saw the old shepherd's clean smock hung up behind the door. "That's the very thing!" she exclaimed. "If I tear it up mamma'll give Roger another." So she took the smock and tore it into strips. Then she told the boy to bring the kettle and a basin, and went back to the shed.

With the help of the vicar Florence soon had the hot bandages placed on Cap's swollen leg. She sat beside him, whispering to him, and calmed him so that he scarcely stirred when she changed the wrappings. At length Mr. Ritchie thought she ought to be going home. "Oh, no," begged Florence. "I want to see him get better. A nurse oughtn't to leave her patient. The boy can take my pony and ride over and tell them where I am."

The boy departed with his message, and the little nurse stayed with her charge, perfectly happy to be caring for him.

Shortly after sunset old Roger came sorrowfully to the shed. He had a rope in his hand because he thought his faithful friend would never be able to chase the sheep again. But as soon as he entered the shed Cap greeted him with a whine of pleasure, turned his head towards him, and tried to get on his feet.

The shepherd was very much astonished. "Deary me, missy," said he; "why, you've been doing wonders! I never thought to see the poor dog greet me again."

"Yes, doesn't he look better?" said Florence. "You can throw away that rope now, and help me make compresses."

"That I will, missy," agreed Roger heartily, and kneeling beside the girl and the dog he fell to work with the strips of cloth and the hot water.

The vicar stood up. "Yes, Roger," said he. "Miss Florence is quite right. Your dog will be able to walk again if you give him a little rest and care."

The shepherd was quite overjoyed at the contented look in Cap's eyes and at the thought that he was not to lose him. "I'm sure I can't thank your reverence and the young lady enough," said he, "and you may be sure, sir, I'll carry out the instructions."

"But I shall come again to-morrow, Roger," said Florence. "I know mamma will let me when I tell her about Cap. I want to look after him until he's running about again."

"I hope you will, missy," answered the grateful shepherd. "I hope you will."

Florence gave the dog a final caress and whispered in his ear that she would come again. Then she and the vicar left the shed. The boy had come back with her pony, and she mounted and was soon flying back across the moors to Lea Hurst.

There were two girls at the manor house, Florence and Frances, and they were so nearly of an age that they studied and played together. They both loved flowers and animals, and each had her own garden and her own particular pets. But Florence's heart was always touched by the poor beast or bird that had been hurt and had no one to care for it, and by the roadside wild flowers which had a hard time to escape cart-wheels and the seedlings which had been blown to bare and rocky soil. Mr. Nightingale soon saw that this daughter was a born gardener. When the day's lessons were over she would pick up her little basket, which held a trowel, gardener's scissors, a water-bottle, and a bundle of sharpened sticks, and hasten out-of-doors. Sometimes he would follow her at a distance,

and watch her in the corner of a meadow digging up weeds that grew about the cowslips, or watering a little clump of daffodils that were trying to hold up their heads in the shade of a tree. Often she went far afield, outside the gardens and meadows of Lea Hurst, where the hedges and the flowers were not so well cared for, and here she found plenty of work to do, propping up bruised plants, watering faded ones, and protecting others from the careless cattle. Sometimes she found new flowers, and transplanted some of them to her own garden at home, sometimes she found just the place where she thought lilies or marigolds ought to grow and there she would plant and tend her charges so that another summer should find them blooming. At home in the evenings her father told her much about flowers, and encouraged her to do all she could to search for old garden flowers which were growing scarce in Derbyshire and to cultivate them, to plant hardy blooms in waste places, to care for wild flowers and to mend broken hedges. Besides her own formal garden on the terraced slopes of Lea Hurst she soon had a dozen wild gardens scattered through the fields and half a hundred little flower beds which she visited regularly.

She loved the birds and the animals as much as her flowers. "Florence was born a nurse," said Mr. Nightingale to his wife. "I found her yesterday making a nest in a bush for a robin that had broken a wing. I dare say she intends to try and feed it."

So she did; whenever she found a bird that was hurt, a dog that was lame, any creature that was suffering she took the care of it to herself, and invented ways

by which it might be cured. The family called her "The Little Sister of Mercy," and her father gave her a place in one of the greenhouses for a hospital where she might look after her invalid birds and dogs.

The Squire, as Mr. Nightingale was called, took a great interest in the village that lay at the foot of the slope that was topped by Lea Hurst. With his wife and two daughters he was continually planning picnics for the children, and throwing open the gates of his beautiful manor to them and to all the neighbors. He loved to have them all share in his delight at the exquisite gardens, the perfect velvet lawns, the thick and well-kept hedges of yew and box, and the stalwart old shade-trees that had been the glory of the place for many decades. The great event of the summer was the children's "feast day," when all the boys and girls met at the schoolhouse and marched in a procession to Lea Hurst, the girls with big bouquets, or "posies" as they called them, in their hands, and the boys with sticks wound with flowers like small May-poles carried over their shoulders. The Squire always ordered a band, and this headed the merry march which swept out of the village and trudged up the hill to the great gates of the manor. There the children found tables waiting for them on the lawn, and they had only to camp there to be served with strawberries and cream and cakes and tea like real grown-up guests. After this high tea the band played and the children danced over the lawn and on the floor of a great tent Mr. Nightingale had set up in the garden. The Squire's two daughters were continually inventing new games

and leading in all the fun, and at the same time keeping a watchful eye for the smaller children who might tire easily. When the long summer twilight began to fade and the rich purple clouds to gather over the still valley of the Derwent the band struck up a triumphal march and the children formed in line again and trooped up to the top terrace of the lawn. Here stood Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale to say good-night, and as each guest went by Florence or Frances gave them a present from a long table on the terrace. Then each girl would bob a curtsy and each boy make a bow, and march on down the hill after the stirring band. So the "feast day" would come to a successful close, and the lord of the manor entertain his neighbors as was the good old English custom.

It did not take long for the people who lived near Lea Hurst in Derbyshire or in the neighborhood of Embley Park in Hampshire, where the Nightingales spent the autumns and winters, to lose their hearts to "Miss Florence" as they called her. If any one was sick or in trouble there "Miss Florence" went, carrying flowers or fruit or a present of some sort with her, but always with the greater gifts of her happy smile, soft voice, and gentle loving touch. The old people at the windows waved their hands to her as she drove down with her mother to Cromford Church, and smiled at the sight of the slender girl, dressed in a light summer muslin, with a silk shawl across her breast, her sweet face with the soft brown hair smoothed down each side it beaming from the depths of a yellow Leghorn bonnet wreathed with roses.



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

By Staal

THE
MUSEUM
OF
ART
AND
ARCHITECTURE
OF
THE
CITY OF
NEW YORK
AND
THE
METROPOLITAN
MUSEUM OF
ART

The Squire's daughter Florence came to be a very "Lady of Grace" to the poor of the Derwent valley. She would ride her pony over the heath to lonely cottages with a basket at her saddle-bow filled with puddings and jellies, or carrying an armful of primroses and bluebells to some delicate woman or girl who longed for the wild flowers of the fields and hedgerows but could not go to them.

Everything about this girl was sunny. She had been born in the beautiful Italian city of Florence, the city of flowers, and had been named for it, and it seemed as though she had inherited that city's love of blossoms. Her gardens and the opportunity she had to nurse stricken pets were the chief joys of her childhood, and they were joys which grew as she grew up.

There were few good nurses in England in that day, and no schools where they could be taught. Florence Nightingale met a remarkable Quaker woman named Elizabeth Fry, who was trying to help women who were in prison. Together they visited many English hospitals and studied the methods of nursing. These methods were of the poorest, most useless sort.

At Kaiserswerth on the Rhine in Germany a school for nurses had just been started, and there Florence Nightingale went to study. She learned a great deal and returned home to teach others. After a time England went to war with Russia in the Crimea in Eastern Europe, and Miss Nightingale knew that many of the soldiers would lay down their lives there for want of proper nursing in the military hospitals. She felt that this was her call to service and she offered

to take a band of women nurses out to the Crimea to serve through the war.

Before the war had ended Florence Nightingale had come to be as beloved by the British soldiers as the little girl of Lea Hurst had been by her father's neighbors. She was a wonderful nurse, because she was always full of courage and cheerfulness, never tiring, never shirking any labor that would ease suffering. Thousands of wounded men watched for her to pass by their beds in the hospitals, and declared they were better just for the sight of her face or the sound of her voice. She often took charge of men whose wounds the doctors had declared beyond curing and brought them back to health by her tireless care and patience.

After a time she fell ill of cholera herself and all England waited for news from her bedside. She recovered and was taken home. She went back to Lea Hurst and rested there while the whole country called her blessed. When the war was over she returned to the London hospitals, and continued the labors which were the great joy of her life.

The story of the work of this woman who tended the sick and the poor is one of the most beautiful in history. She asked nothing but the chance to serve, and thereby won the love of all the world. To tend her flowers, to nurse the sick, were the dearest wishes of the girl of Lea Hurst Manor and of the woman we know as Florence Nightingale.

XIX

Jenny Lind

The Girl of the Stockholm Opera : 1820-1887

"HARK! Who is that up-stairs? I thought my granddaughter Amelia went out half an hour ago."

"I thought so too. In fact she looked in here on her way out and waved her hand at me and said, 'Mademoiselle Lundberg, I hope to see you before very long at the Opera.' She had her hat on then."

"Yes, I remember that. However, that's certainly her piano we hear. It sounds as if some one were trying to imitate the notes of the soldiers' bugles at parade."

"And doing it remarkably well, too," added Mademoiselle Lundberg. "Might it not be your other little granddaughter?"

"Jenny, you mean? Oh, that's impossible. She's hardly more than a baby, and she's been living in the country where she never saw a piano. No, Amelia must have come back again."

The grandmother rose and went to the door. "Amelia! Amelia!" she called.

There was no answer, but the music in the upper room continued.

"Amelia!" called the grandmother again, but still

without result. "That's very strange," said she, turning towards her young guest. "I can't understand who is doing that playing."

"Suppose we go and see," suggested Mademoiselle Lundberg. "You've made me very curious to find out who it is."

The two women went into the hall and started up the stairs. Then they stopped. Some one in the upper room had begun to sing clear, sweet childish notes to the accompaniment of the piano. "Listen," whispered Mademoiselle Lundberg. They waited until the song was finished. "That's no ordinary child's voice," said the guest, hurrying up the stairs again. She went so rapidly that she stumbled over the top step and made quite a noise. Recovering herself she tiptoed to the door. Looking in she saw a square piano, an empty piano stool, and a gray cat with a blue ribbon round its neck sitting on a chair. She shrugged her shoulders. "More mystery," she whispered to the woman behind her.

The grandmother went into the room and began to look about. She pulled aside one of the curtains at a window-alcove, but there was no one behind it. She opened a closet door and peeped inside, but there was no one there. Then she made a circuit of the room and at last came back to the piano. She stooped to look under it, and there she beheld a little girl crouching against the wall. "Why, Jenny!" she exclaimed. "What have you been doing? Come out from there."

The girl crawled out, looking very bashful. "I didn't mean to do it," she said. "I know I oughtn't

to touch the piano. I heard the soldiers in the square when I came home and I wanted to see if I could remember how their bugles sounded. Then they taught me a little song in the country and I wanted to hear it with music."

"Was that really you we heard?" asked her grandmother.

Jenny, now almost in tears at the thought of what she had done, was forced to nod her head.

"And was that you we heard singing?" asked Mademoiselle Lundberg.

Jenny, quite overawed at the solemn manner in which they were speaking to her, nodded again through her tears.

"Don't cry, dear," said her grandmother. "You haven't hurt the piano. Take pussy down-stairs and ask Magda to give you tea."

Jenny, much relieved, picked up the cat, and hugging her to her breast, bore her out of the room.

"Mark my words," said Mademoiselle Lundberg as soon as Jenny was gone, "that child will bring her family a great deal of help."

"It's strange," said the grandmother. "I never suspected that Jenny had an ear for music."

"Well, she has, and an unusually fine one too. I've heard many girls sing who were trying for places at the Opera, and I've heard none who had half her voice. To-morrow I want to take her to Herr Croelius and hear what he has to say."

Mademoiselle Lundberg stayed to supper and afterward asked Madame Lind if she and her daughter

Jenny would go with her to meet the singing master at the Royal Theatre the next day. Madame Lind had a dislike for life on the stage, and at first was quite unwilling to listen to the suggestion. But Mademoiselle Lundberg, who was herself a dancer at the Royal Opera House, argued with her, saying positively, "Unless I'm very much mistaken the child is really a genius. You owe it to her to have her educated for the stage, but, if you dislike that, you must, at any rate, have her taught singing." Still the mother objected. Mademoiselle Lundberg then told her how much money Jenny could earn for the family, and finally Madame Lind allowed herself to be persuaded, for the family was very poor, and she had a hard time to eke out a living for them. "If you insist we'll go with you to see the master," Madame Lind agreed at last. So Mademoiselle Lundberg departed, much pleased at having her way.

The next day Jenny and her mother and Mademoiselle Lundberg started for the Opera House. Some of the mother's dislike had returned, and again she hesitated. When they came to the Opera House steps Madame Lind did not want to go any farther. "Please let me go," begged Jenny, who was not at all frightened now. "I should like to sing for the Herr Director."

Finally Madame Lind consented, and the three were shown into the room of Herr Croelius.

The royal singing master knew Mademoiselle Lundberg, but he was very much surprised when that young woman led a small, fair-haired girl up to him and an-

nounced, "Herr Croelius, this is Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, and I want you to hear her sing."

The master smiled and started to speak, but the young woman held up her hand in protest. "Wait, wait until you have heard something of her voice," she entreated. "Then you will have something worth while to talk about."

Mademoiselle Lundberg nodded to Jenny, and the girl, without any diffidence or embarrassment, began to sing the song she had learned in the country. She was a pretty child of the fair Swedish type, with hair like flax and eyes a clear soft blue. She sang as easily and as naturally as a bird, and when she had finished the first song she started on an air from an opera which she had also been taught in the country.

A change had come over the face of Herr Croelius. The smile had vanished, and his face was all intentness. He listened without moving until the air was ended, and then rising from his chair he took a few quick strides up and down the room. Then he wheeled about suddenly. "Almost am I moved to tears!" he exclaimed. "It is wonderful! Oh, what a voice, true as the scale is true and clear as a flute. We have a jewel here. Oh, you did right to bring her, mademoiselle. I must take her instantly to Count Puke, the head of the Theatre, and tell him what a great treasure we have found."

Without more words Herr Croelius hurried them from the room and dashing down the corridor burst in upon the manager of the Royal Swedish Theatre. Count Puke looked up from his desk. "What is it?"

he demanded, eying the excited singing master, and the two women and little girl who stood behind him.

"Mademoiselle Jenny Lind," said the master, taking the girl's hand and presenting her to the Count. "She has a voice in a million! Oh, what a voice she has! You must hear her sing at once."

But the Count was not as excitable as Herr Croelius, and although he turned his chair to face Jenny he did not look particularly pleased. He saw only a small, silent girl, who was staring steadily at him.

"How old is she?" he asked.

"Nine years old," answered Jenny's mother.

"Nine!" exclaimed the Count. "But this is no nursery! This is the King's Theatre." And he turned his chair back to his desk and picked up his pen as if to go on with his writing.

"Well," said the singing master, "if you won't hear her the King's Theatre is missing a wonderful opportunity. However, her voice shan't be spoiled, for I will teach her myself without charge but simply for the pleasure of the work. And one day when you hear her you will be astonished also."

The Count paused, and then laid down his pen. There was a note of intense seriousness in the voice of the singing master. He turned slowly about. "I will listen to her, since you insist," said he.

So Jenny sang again, just as she had before, and before she had come to the middle of the second song the Count was leaning forward, his hands clutching the arms of his chair and his eyes staring at her in amazement. When she finished his eyes were shining with

delight. "Magnificent!" he exclaimed. "There is a voice that can make one weep for joy of it! There are no flaws, and some day Sweden, no, the whole world, will be proud this little girl was born. Jenny Lind, did you say? Well, I accept her now, instantly, on the spot, and will see that the King's government teaches her at its own expense and educates her to be a great soprano." He looked at Madame Lind. "Have no fear, madame. Your daughter will be well cared for."

The Count spoke the truth. When Jenny, Madame Lind, and Mademoiselle Lundberg left his office the name of Jenny Lind was already enrolled among the pupils of the Royal School of Music. Herr Croelius escorted the three to the front steps of the Opera House, showering compliments indiscriminately upon them, and said to Jenny as he took leave of her, "Be sure that I shall watch with the greatest interest the career of our little Swedish Nightingale."

Jenny herself was very happy at this wonderful chance to study music. She said long afterward, "As a child I sang with every step I took, and with every jump my feet made." Her grandmother was delighted when she heard the news, and even her mother, although she had strong prejudices against the theatre and the opera stage, could not help but be pleased at the praise both the singing master and the royal director had heaped on Jenny. Within the week the directors of the King's Theatre wrote to Madame Lind, stating that they would take entire charge of Jenny's education and support, looking to her future success for repayment. This offer was gladly accepted.

When she was ten years old Jenny was taken in charge by the Theatre and two years afterward she became what was called an actress-pupil. She received from the government money for food, clothes, and lodging, and the best training in singing, elocution and dancing. Besides this it was arranged that her mother should have her taught the piano, religion, French, history, geography, writing, arithmetic, and drawing. The agreement further stated that the directors should decide when Jenny was fitted to become an actress at the Theatre, and that at that time she should pledge herself to remain for ten years in that service, but that if she was found unfitted to be an actress she might be discharged after three months' notice. In reality Jenny was bound over to the Theatre much as a boy used to be apprenticed to a tradesman to learn a certain trade.

It was largely due to this very thorough training that Jenny Lind later became such a remarkably accomplished woman. She was taught German and French and English, and her long dancing lessons gave her a grace and dignity of carriage which made her the finished artist when she appeared later on the opera stage. Music and singing were of course her favorite studies and she made such rapid progress in them that Herr Croelius and Count Puke nodded their heads and assured each other that their predictions in regard to her were soon to come true.

But during this time Jenny was not having a very happy life at home. Madame Lind, divorced from a ne'er-do-weel husband, was having a hard time to keep

a roof over her head. She had started a school for girls and had several of her pupils living at her house. But her temper was uncertain, and after a time the boarders, disliking her stern treatment of them, left her house, and went to live with a Mademoiselle Bayard. Jenny visited them at this new home and found it a great contrast to her own. She decided to go and live where they did, and asked permission of the directors of the Theatre to make the change. They consented, and Jenny moved to Mademoiselle Bayard's house. Madame Lind became very indignant and took the matter into the law-courts for settlement. The court decided that Jenny must return to her mother and stay with her until she became of age. So Jenny returned, but for a time her life at home was not very peaceful. After a while, however, Madame Lind's school began to prosper, and the mother, no longer worried to make both ends meet, won back her daughter's affection.

In the meantime Jenny, when only ten years old, had appeared in a public play. She acted the part of Angela in "The Polish Mine" at the Royal Theatre. In this she was a child of seven, and went through many exciting adventures, in one act having to help her father escape from a mine and fly to a place of safety with his wife. The plot centred about this little dancing girl, whose quickness and ingenuity were the main interest. Jenny played the part well, and won high praises from the manager and the critics. The next year she appeared in a drama called "The Will," and made a more striking success. The newspapers announced that she had acted this to perfection, that

every word and gesture in it seemed made to suit her, and that she was wonderfully natural in the merry quickness of the child heroine, in the sudden changes from laughter to tears and then again to laughter, in the little confidences she gave older people, and in her innocent affection. Steadily she progressed, and at seventeen the directors began to pay her a regular salary. She had to do a great deal of work to earn it, and in that one year had to act in twelve new parts.

By now the people of Stockholm knew that Jenny Lind was a very talented actress, but they knew little about her as a singer. For eight years she had been studying under the best singing teachers of Sweden and her voice had become a very fine soprano. But even those teachers hardly knew how fine it was. On the 7th of March, 1838, it was announced that she would sing the part of Agatha in Weber's opera of "*Der Freischütz*." The people of Stockholm, already the devoted admirers of the young actress, flocked to the Opera House to see if she could win as great success in opera.

After that eventful evening Jenny Lind used to say, "I got up that morning one creature, I went to bed another creature. I had found my power!" There was no question but that she had. The audience saw the young singer appear before them on the stage, looking very young and slender, a trifle pale, very simply clad. Then she began to sing, and as the first notes of her high, sweet voice rolled forth she knew, and the audience knew as well, that she had found herself, that she was made to sing. The audience sat as



JENNY LIND

THE
MUSEUM
OF
NATURAL
HISTORY
OF
THE
CITY OF
NEW YORK
AND
THE
ADJACENT
COUNTY OF
WESTCHESTER

Herr Croelius and Count Puke had sat when they first heard her, spellbound by the wonder of her voice. For the rest of that opera she acted and sang with the most perfect mastery of both the arts of the actress and the singer, and as no one had ever done in Stockholm before. At the end the house rose in wild applause, cheers for "Jenny Lind" on every lip, and in response the girl, no longer pale, but flushed with excitement, came before the curtain to bow her thanks. It was a memorable evening for her and for Stockholm.

The directors of the Royal Theatre, although they had known her great gifts, had not expected such a triumph as this. They were so delighted that they sent her two massive silver candlesticks engraved with a record of that first performance. Other presents began to arrive at her mother's house, and she was showered with compliments and notes of praise.

Soon she appeared in a new opera, singing the part of Alice in "*Robert le Diable*." In this she won perhaps her greatest triumph—for the character of Alice, full of passionate and chivalrous purity, depth of soul and hatred of wrong, seemed to fit her perfectly. Her voice, her gestures, her whole person seemed to combine to be the character she sang. Her success in this was so great that people in other cities of Sweden demanded to hear her, and she went from one city to another, winning the same applause in each. At the university town of Upsala the students escorted her home from the opera, singing their students' songs, and stayed under her window to serenade her. Not only her singing and her wonderful acting had won all

hearts, but she herself had shown a remarkable charm of character that instinctively bound people to her.

Jenny Lind, or the Swedish Nightingale as her countrymen liked to call her, had now proved true the predictions of her girlhood friends. She was one of the greatest singers the world had ever known. Almost immediately she became the idol of all classes of people in Sweden. When she returned to Stockholm one of the leading men of the city gave a great reception. Ministers of state, the nobles of the kingdom, the great ladies of society, distinguished men and women of all kinds were present. Among the last of the guests came a young girl, looking about twenty years old. Light, curling hair framed a pale face, she wore a simple white gown, in her deep-set eyes was a dreamy, half-absent but fascinating smile as she stopped at the door to shake hands with her host. The guests were all talking as she entered, but the hum of words ended as the host led the girl into the middle of the room. He started to speak her name, but already it was on everybody's lips, and a murmur of applause silenced him. "Jenny Lind! It is Jenny Lind!" exclaimed the delighted guests. After that there was only one subject of talk, and the guests circled about the young singer like moths about a flame, each anxious to see her, to talk to her, and to express their admiration for her art.

As Jenny Lind conquered Sweden she later conquered Europe. She sang in many of the old operas and many famous composers wrote new parts for her to sing. She sang in America and won as great suc-

cess there as she had in Europe. And everywhere she won admiration by her fineness of character as well as by her voice and her power as an actress. The little girl of the Stockholm Opera was one of the noblest women of her age as well as one of the greatest singers the world has ever heard.

XX

Rosa Bonheur

The Girl of the Paris Studio : 1822-1899

YOUNG MADAME SOPHIE BONHEUR looked from an open window in her house and clapped her hands. Two little boys stopped their work of making mud-pies in the road and looked up at the window. "Come, Auguste, come, Isadore!" she called, "the lunch waits. There's a huge dish of cherries on the table and baby'll eat them all."

Even mud-pies could not hold Auguste and Isadore when they heard that. Scrambling to their feet they dashed across the bit of front lawn and in at the door. Their mother, with Juliette, the baby, in her arms, was already at the table, smiling at their excited faces.

"Auguste," said she, "go up-stairs and tell your father the lunch grows stone cold, and his cabbage-soup has lost its flavor. Oh, never fear about the dish of cherries. No one shall touch them until you come back. Isadore, wash your hands before you sit down. I'll not have mud-pies brought to the table."

Auguste, the elder boy, climbed the stairs to the second floor. He found his father in his workroom, correcting a pile of drawings on a table. "The soup's cold," announced Auguste, "and mother's waiting."

Monsieur Raymond Bonheur, drawing-master of Bordeaux by trade, nodded his head. "Whenever I'm hard at work it's lunch-time," said he. "Tell the mother I'm coming, lad. There, run along, I'll not keep things waiting." Almost as fast as Auguste he went down-stairs and into the dining-room.

The cabbage-soup was growing cold, and Monsieur Bonheur was very fond of that particular soup. So he sat down quickly, tucked his napkin into his collar, picked up his spoon and began to eat. When his plate was empty he looked up, poured out a glass of red wine, and broke an end of a long loaf of bread. "What's become of Rosa? Doesn't she want any food to-day?" he asked.

"I thought Rosa was up-stairs with you," answered Madame Bonheur, who was busy with the baby and her own plate.

"She left me an hour or two ago. Took a block of paper and some crayons and disappeared. I thought she was going out to play with the boys."

"Auguste, go and call Rosa," said his mother.

The boy went to the door and called and called, but there was no answer.

"She must have wandered off somewhere by herself," observed Madame Bonheur. "She's getting to be a very absent-minded girl. I'll set a dish of the stew on the stove for her."

The family ate their stew and string-beans and hard-crust bread and drank their sour red wine and disposed of a basket of cherries. Then Monsieur Bonheur lighted a pipe of tobacco and went out to

sit on a bench in front of the house and bask in the sun. The boys went back to their mud-pies, and the mother, having put the baby to sleep in its cradle, cleared up the dishes. When this work was done she joined her husband outdoors. "I don't know where Rosa can be," said she. "You don't suppose she's got lost in the woods?"

"Not Rosa. She knows her way almost as well as I do. She'll be home by sundown, never fear."

"When she does I must have a talk with her. I wanted her to look after Juliette this afternoon. She's too fond of drawing pictures for the family's good."

Monsieur Bonheur smiled. "That comes of being the daughter of a drawing-master. I've taught her a little and she wants to learn more. I must go back to my work. If she's not home by sundown I'll go look for her." With a reassuring pat on his wife's arm he went up and continued his corrections of his pupil's drawings. The afternoon was fine, and many times he stopped to look out across the rolling yellow-green fields to the deep fringe of woods on the horizon.

But when the sun was touching the top of that line of trees the drawing-master began to grow uneasy. He could think of no harm that could have come to Rosa, but she was a little girl and had been gone a long while. He put away his drawings, and taking his hat and stick set off down the road. He stopped only long enough to bid Auguste tell his mother that he had gone to find the wanderer.

His house stood on the outskirts of Bordeaux and he had only to follow the road a few paces before he

came to an open field with a path across it. He had seen Rosa take that path before so he struck into it and crossed the field and came to a lane that wound in a zigzag fashion towards the woods. He kept his eyes on watch for a sight of a pink dress and a childish figure, but he saw only some carters driving sheep along a distant highway and two old women and a boy haying in a field to his right. Presently he came to a stretch of grain, deep yellow and ripe for cutting, with a border of scarlet poppies at its edge, and then he entered the woods where the air was cool and the stillness unbroken.

The woods were not deep, but there were several paths through them and Monsieur Bonheur did not know which to choose. He finally followed one which led him to a small pond in a clearing. No one was there, so he turned back and chose a second. This led him straight through the grove, and shortly he was standing on the farther side looking into a small pasture where a dozen cows were browsing. A smile came to his face. On a rock at one side sat a small brown-haired girl dressed in pink with a block of paper on her knees. A cow was lying in the grass some twenty yards in front of her and two others were slowly munching their evening meal in the background.

Monsieur Bonheur stole along the edge of the woods until he was back of the girl and then walked softly towards her. She seemed too much absorbed to hear anything. He came directly behind her and looked over her shoulder. Her picture of the three

cows was nearly done and it was exceedingly well drawn.

He stepped away so as not to startle her and swished at some weeds with his stick. At length she turned her head, and he walked forward. "Well, well, Rosa, what are you doing here?" he asked.

"Drawing the cows," she answered. "I can't make one look quite right."

"But don't you know it's almost night, long past lunch-time?"

"I wanted to finish it," she said pleadingly. "They wouldn't be this way another day. I wasn't hungry and I did want to see if I could draw them."

"Let me see the paper," said her father, his sympathy always ready for any one who was fond of drawing.

Rosa held up the paper and her father took it from her. He studied it carefully for some time. Then he sat down beside her, and taking her crayon began to alter some of the lines and add others. "There, you should have more shadow; and that leg is not in right perspective. So it should go." He held the drawing away from him and tilted his head as artists often have a trick of doing. "But, little daughter, it's good. It has its faults, but if any one had brought that picture to my study I'd have said it was done by a grown-up artist and one who had a good eye too." He turned to her and smiled at the big eyes that were staring up at him and the intent look of her face. "Draw all you want, Rosa, but next time you go in search of your cattle be sure and tell your mother or me when you'll be home again."

"I must have forgotten everything but those three cows," she said.

"I know how it is," her father answered sympathetically. "When we see something we want to draw or paint we forget everything else. We don't know if we're hungry or thirsty, or whether it's cold or rainy. But we must be on our way home or mother'll have two empty places for dinner."

He gave Rosa back her drawing, and they left the pasture. They hurried through the woods and across the fields, but even so they were a little late and found Madame Bonheur waiting in the doorway. "A la bonne heure!" she exclaimed. "This it is to have a family of artists! Food is of no importance. Indoors with both of you or the ham'll fly out through the window."

Suddenly Rosa found she was very hungry and she devoured the good dinner her mother had saved for her, paying no attention to the questions her brothers asked as to where she had been all day.

Monsieur Bonheur was a man with a fine talent for drawing and painting, but being very poor he was obliged to give drawing lessons for a livelihood. He did not make much money at that, and shortly after this time he decided to go to the great city of Paris, where he believed he could find more pupils than in Bordeaux. So he moved his family to Paris and settled on the sixth floor of a big tenement house in the Rue Rumfort, which is now called the Rue Malesherbes. But in this great city he was unknown and he had fewer drawing pupils than he had had in Bordeaux, and mat-

ters fared badly with the Bonheur family. To keep the wolf from the door, Madame Bonheur began to give piano lessons, going from one house to another all day, and leaving the baby in charge of Rosa. When she came home she sat up half the night sewing for other people in order to make a little more money. But this work proved too hard for her and not long after they had moved to Paris the tired young mother died.

Monsieur Bonheur sent Rosa, Auguste, and Isadore to live with a woman who was called "La mère Cathérine," and gave the baby into the care of some relatives. "La mère Cathérine" lived in the Champs Elysées, not far from the woods of the Bois de Boulogne. She sent the children to school, but very soon found out that Rosa would steal away to the near-by woods and fields to gather marigolds and daisies, and could not be kept indoors when the weather was fine. In this way the three children spent two years and then Monsieur Bonheur married again and brought the children back home. The two boys wanted to go to school and so their father sent them, paying for them by giving drawing lessons to the other scholars. Rosa did not want to go to school, but it was evident that she must learn something that would be useful, and therefore she was sent to a sewing school to learn to become a seamstress.

She found sewing more disagreeable than studying lessons. She hated to sit still and work with a needle and thread and she pined so for the outdoor life that she made herself ill. Her devoted father took her away from the sewing-mistress and sent her to the

school in the Faubourg St. Antoine. This was a relief from the days she had spent sewing, and she made a number of good friends among the other girls. Instead of listening to the teachers she drew pictures of them on scraps of paper and pasted these sketches on the wall with bread chewed until it was like putty. The sketches were very funny and very well done, and the other girls thought Rosa the cleverest person they knew. The teachers did not find the drawings so amusing, but they were surprised at the talent shown and kept them in a school album.

But Rosa did not stay happy for long even in this school where she had become a leader among the girls. She had many day-dreams and they all called her out-of-doors where she might be free and do as she wanted. The artist nature in her made her very sensitive, and she was ashamed to wear calico dresses and heavy ugly shoes and eat from a tin cup with an iron spoon when the others wore pretty, well-made dresses and had cups and spoons of silver. She grew moody and discontented, and finally the teachers told her father that they were afraid that if she stayed longer with them she would become ill. Monsieur Bonheur took their advice and brought Rosa home. Having tried so many plans for her he now decided to leave her to her own devices and see what she would find to do for herself.

Left to her own devices Rosa became as happy as she had been when she was free to play or draw pictures in the Bordeaux fields. She spent most of her time in her father's studio, watching him, and then

drawing or painting or modeling as she saw him do. She never tired of this; she rose early to run into the studio and go on with her unfinished sketches and she stayed to draw as long as there was light enough for her to see her model. Sometimes she would go into the fields on the edge of Paris and spend a whole day painting, and when she came home she would be singing for joy of the work and happiness in her freedom. Her father let her do as she pleased for a time, making no comments or suggestions. Then one day he asked to see some of her paintings. He looked at them as an outside critic might have done, and suddenly it dawned upon him that Rosa had extraordinary talent, not merely the remarkable child's skill which he had found in her picture of the three cows, but a gift which might make her one of the greatest painters in the world. He hesitated no longer as to what she ought to do. He took her in charge the next morning and began to train her with the greatest care, teaching her to be absolutely accurate in drawing and right in her perspective. Then he told her to go to the great gallery of the Louvre and copy certain paintings of the old masters. Rosa went day after day, working so steadily and so untiringly that the director of the gallery, watching her, said one morning, "I've never seen such a case of application and love of work."

When she had finished a copy she would take it home and show it to her father. Each one she showed him convinced him more strongly that his daughter would make her mark. Other people also were beginning to see how fine her work was. As she sat at her

easel in the Louvre one day an Englishman stopped and watched her paint. At last she leaned back to look up at the original on the wall and saw the stranger. "Your copy is superb, absolutely flawless, my child," said he. "Keep on as you have begun, and I predict that you will be a great artist." She was very much pleased, and that evening she told her father what the stranger had said to her. "Others would say the same thing," he commented, "if they could see your work."

Soon after this she began to sell her copies of the great masterpieces, and although the purchasers did not pay large sums for them she gave considerable help to the needy household.

She was now about seventeen years old, and had tried her skill chiefly in painting landscapes and figures. In the country one day she happened to paint a goat, and the picture pleased her so much that she determined to make a special study of painting animals. This meant that she had to take long walks in the country in search of farms. She would start out early in the morning with her painting kit and half a loaf of bread and return home late at night, tired but happy and ready for the hearty dinner her stepmother kept waiting for her.

All the Bonheur children had inherited their father's love of art. Auguste, the older of the two boys, was already painting in his father's studio, and Isadore was studying sculpture. Juliette, the youngest, could not resist the temptation to try and do what all the others were doing, and she also began to show ability with

brush and palette. They were a very devoted and contented family, and soon all four of the children were able to help Monsieur Bonheur pay for rent and food. Rosa earned the most, because her copies were becoming better and better known, and after she had worked in the Louvre during the day she would draw pictures to illustrate books or mold groups of animals for the Paris figure dealers in the studio at night.

That sixth floor of the house in the Rue Rumfort was certainly a most curious place, the true home of an artistic family. Rosa had arranged a garden on the roof, with a frame for honeysuckle and boxes for sweet peas and nasturtiums. In this rude garden the Bonheur children kept a sheep, and here Rosa would go to paint pictures of him, pretending that he was grazing in the fields instead of eating grass from a box on the roof of a high house. Every few days Isadore would take the sheep on his back and carry him down the six flights of stairs to the street and lead him out to the open country, where he might graze in real fields. Then he would take him home again and carry him up all the flights to his aerial home. The whole family were very fond of this sheep and he was the only model for many of Rosa's early pictures. Besides the sheep Rosa kept many birds, and her brothers built a net house for them so that they might be free to use their wings. So the family of artists managed to bring a good deal of the open country into their home high up in the Paris tenement.

When she was nineteen Rosa sent two paintings to the Academy of Fine Arts exhibition. One was en-



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titled "Goats and Sheep," and the other, "Two Rabbits." They were immediately picked out by both the critics and the public as fine pictures, and made her name well known. The next year she sent "Animals in a Pasture," a "Cow lying in a Meadow," and a "Horse for Sale." These were even better received than the first two, and Paris began to exclaim that a great animal painter had appeared. Two years after that she exhibited twelve new pictures, and they were hung on the same wall with others by her father and brother. The world of art admitted the talents of the Bonheur family, and at last Monsieur Bonheur, who had worked patiently through so many years, found himself beyond the fear of want.

But Monsieur Raymond Bonheur's greatest happiness lay in the unfolding genius of his daughter. He felt that she was to accomplish the great works he had dreamed of doing, and which he might indeed have done if he had not had to work so many years as a drawing-master. He had foreseen that she would win a great name in art and now he was content to watch her fulfilling his prediction. To his great delight her picture, "Cantal Oxen," won the gold medal in 1849, and was purchased by the English government. The president of the judges at the Academy made an eloquent address, placing the name of Rosa Bonheur among the greatest painters of France, and then presented her with a magnificent Sèvres vase as a gift from the government in recognition of her genius. This triumph brought honors to the father as well as to the daughter, and Monsieur Bonheur was immedi-

ately made director of the national school of design for girls.

Rosa Bonheur's best-known painting is the "Horse Fair," which shows the countrymen bringing their horses in for sale at one of the great Normandy fairs. It is one of the most remarkable pictures of animals that has ever been painted, but it was only one of Rosa Bonheur's many masterly paintings of life out-of-doors.

Rosa Bonheur stands high among those few women who have been great painters. She showed her love for this art when she was only a small girl in Bordeaux, and she kept that love during those first stormy years in Paris when it seemed as though she must learn to do other things. When she was free she returned to that first love, and from then her genius ripened as truly and as finely as the perfect flower blossoms from the bud.

XXI

Louisa May Alcott

The Girl of Concord: 1832-1888

THE old orchard was a pink and white mist with newly opened apple blossoms. The afternoon sun, shining through them, fell softly on a grassy circle made by a ring of trees where a group of children played. A rope lay on the ground between two of the trees and half a dozen boxes set on end were ranged beyond the rope. A girl with an old soldier cap on her head and a short wooden lath stuck into the belt of her dress stood facing the row of boxes. "Oh, that my beautiful lady were here! Oh, that her knight might do brave deeds for her sweet sake!" exclaimed the girl. She folded her arms and paced up and down. Then she looked impatiently at the group of children just outside the ring of trees. "That's your cue, May. Come on now, holding up your skirt as a lady would."

A smaller girl, very pretty, with long yellow curls and blue eyes, caught at her dress and tiptoed into the ring. When she stood in the centre the other one rushed towards her and fell on one knee. "Oh, Lady Arabella, oh, beautiful lady," said she, "give me your hand to kiss." May gave her hand and the gallant knight pressed a kiss upon it. Then she rose to her

feet. "These be perilous woods for a lady to walk in," said she. "Men say there are dragons here, a great green one with a tongue of fire."

Immediately a boy on the other side of the circle, dressed in a loose green dragon costume with a bag for a head and great red circles painted around the eyeholes, fell on his hands and knees and began to growl. Then kicking up his heels he galloped on to the stage.

"Fine, Laurie, fine!" cried the older girl as the dragon romped round and round the grassy stage, roaring loudly and tossing his head savagely from side to side. Suddenly she remembered her part in the play. "Fear not, beautiful lady," she exclaimed, "your faithful knight Sir Roderick will slay this dreadful beast." She looked at the younger girl. "Now, May, shriek, shriek loud, and keep it up while we're fighting. You're terribly afraid."

The little Lady Arabella gave an ear-piercing shriek and another and another, so that a mother hen with a brood of chicks that had come clucking almost into the circle turned and scuttled away in great alarm.

Sir Roderick pulled the lath from her belt and hitting it on the ground several times advanced towards the bellowing dragon.

"Oh, Louise, mayn't we sit on the boxes now?" begged one of the other girls. "We do so want to see this part of the play."

The knight hesitated. "Very well," she agreed. "I guess it'll encourage us to have some audience."

Highly delighted the other two girls and the boy

ran to the row of theatre chairs and perched upon them. When they were settled Sir Roderick made some passes in the air with her sword and called loudly, "Come on, base dragon, and let it be a battle to the finish!"

It was a splendid fight. The dragon, growling fearfully, came on and pawed at Sir Roderick. The knight, very stern of face, whacked at the beast and drove him round and round the stage. The Lady Arabella shrieked and shrieked and jumped up and down in excitement. Finally the audience, tremendously thrilled, could keep silent no longer. They clapped their hands and screamed as loudly as the excited Princess. It was a perfect babel.

Spurred on to greater deeds the knight pursued the dragon until she had him backed against one of the trees. "Now," she said, "you die!" and stabbed him in the shoulder with her sword. The beast lay down and rolled over on his back, giving a loud hiss as a final salute. Sir Roderick placed one foot on the animal's leg and looked proudly at the audience. "Behold the terrible creature's slain," said she. "I did it for thy sake, lady. Come to my arms."

The Lady Arabella ran forward and put her arms about the knight. The audience clapped loudly. "That's the end of the act," announced Sir Roderick.

"When do we come in?" asked the other boy as they met on the stage.

"You come in now," said the manager, her eyes sparkling. "This is the great scene. You see I took the Princess home from the wood to her father. He

didn't like me, so before I knew it he shut me up in a prison on a high rock with only one little window. He chained me to the wall and fed me on bread and water. I sat there and wrote poems on the stones. Then, one day I heard a noise outside and looking out the window I saw troops of soldiers coming into the town. They came from the King my father to rescue me. They fought the other soldiers and killed them. Then they set me free. I sit over here by myself in the prison. Now you're the army. You come on in line waving your swords; and so there'll be an army you go round and round those two trees. That'll look as if there were hundreds of you."

"Fine!" cried Laurie, who had pulled off the dragon's suit. "I'll be general." He picked up a stick and rushed on to the stage. "Follow me, my men. Come along, you others."

The others followed, waving make-believe swords in air. It was even more exciting than the first scene. The five children went round and round the trees, cheering and pretending they were at least a hundred strong, while Louisa looked on and encouraged them. "Now," she cried at last, "I see you're strong enough to rescue me," and she jumped from the window of the tower. Immediately a terrific battle followed, so fierce and noisy that a colt in the next field took alarm and galloped away along the fence. Finally the soldiers fell to the ground exhausted, and the play, having reached such a satisfactory climax, ended.

The supper bell rang from the small white house beyond the orchard. "Now we'll surprise them," said

Louisa, jumping up. "We'll put that crown of daisies on May's head and ride her round like a queen in the wheelbarrow. I'll be the horse, Anna'll drive, Lizzie shall be a dog, Laurie—you get into the dragon's skin again, and Tommy shall be drummer."

No sooner said than done. The old wheelbarrow was righted and May, with the daisy crown on her yellow curls, seated in it. Louisa, bitted and bridled, was harnessed to the barrow, and the oldest sister picked up the handles. The third girl, running alongside, barked like a dog, and Laurie, reclad as dragon, howled, while Tommy beat loudly on the drum. So the wild cavalcade swept around to the front of the house.

Mr. and Mrs. Alcott were sitting with two friends before their door. One of the guests, a very gifted woman named Margaret Fuller, had just said, "I hear you teach your children yourself, Mr. Alcott."

The father nodded. "I have my own notions, you know."

The other guest, a tall and very dignified man, smiled. "Bronson's a man in a million," said he. "Here in Concord we think his children models."

"Well, Mr. Emerson," said Miss Fuller, "I'd like very much to see these model children."

Like the answer to a fairy wish there came a wild uproar of noise, growls, barks, drumming, and around the corner swept the wheelbarrow, horse, dog, queen, driver, dragon and drummer-boy. The noise stopped suddenly at sight of the stately group at the door. Louisa's foot tripped, and down came queen, driver and wheelbarrow in one laughing heap.

Mrs. Alcott pointed to the tumbled pile of girls. "There are the model children, Miss Fuller," she said with a smile.

Mr. Emerson stepped forward and picked up the fallen Louisa. "You couldn't have arranged your entrance better, my dear," said he. "I've always predicted you'd be a great actress."

The two boys went home, and the four girls trooped in to supper after their elders. They were used to hearing Mr. Alcott discuss philosophy with his guests, and to listen without understanding much of what was said. Mr. Emerson, however, famous as he was, never could forget the presence of the four bright-eyed little girls. He would turn from one of Mr. Alcott's profound questions to ask Anna concerning the health of a pet cat and to beg Louisa to show him some of her poems. So, when they were out on the lawn again after supper the girls gathered about him and told him everything that had happened since his last visit. "Dear me," he said after a while, "what a lot of things are happening here in Concord I didn't know anything about!"

"Lots and lots," agreed Louisa, nodding her head, her arm on the back of his chair. "Right here in our house too, and father and mother don't know anything of them at all. The attic and the orchard and that old mill by the brook are just plum-full of adventures."

She looked at him quite seriously. "Don't you ever find any about your house?"

"Oh, yes, plenty, but I don't believe they're as exciting as yours."

"That's too bad. You ought to come and live here in our house for a while."

After a short time they had to tear themselves away from their friend and go up to bed. There, in their own room, with the candles out, Louisa took up a story she had been telling the night before, a romance built on the pattern of "Ivanhoe," which she called "The Bandit's Bride," and now she went on with it. Each night she got the hero into a more thrilling situation than the night before. Finally Elizabeth begged her to stop. "If it gets any more exciting I can't sleep a wink," said she. "I'll dream about him now."

"All right," said Louisa. "I'm stuck anyhow. I'll have to dream a way out of that fix." So that night's chapter ended.

What Louisa had told Mr. Emerson was quite true, the Alcott cottage, the orchard back of it, the meadows, the streams and the roads were all packed full of adventures, so long at least as Louisa was there to point them out. At one time that spring bands of young pilgrims, carrying scrip and staff, and wearing the pilgrim's emblem of a cockle-shell in their hats, journeyed day after day over hills and fields. A little later, about midsummer night, a group of fairies held revel among the tall whispering birches, danced in a magic ring and then winged away to try and bewitch ordinary grown-up mortals. They were kind to those mortals who could not fly about on adventures as easily as the fairies did, and so they gave a strawberry party for them in the old vine-covered arbor near the orchard, and the little maids served berries and cake

and lemonade to Miss Margaret Fuller, Mr. Emerson, Father and Mother Alcott and others of the poets and philosophers who made beautiful old Concord their home.

But to Louisa the plays and adventures were far more real than to any of the others. When it rained or the other girls were busy she would go up to her own particular den in the attic and write stories. Seated by the window where she could keep an eye on outdoors in case anything exciting should be happening there, with a pile of apples beside her for refreshment, she would put on paper the thrilling stories she loved to invent. Most of them she left in her portfolio, but a few she bravely sent to magazines. They came back to her one after another returned with the editor's thanks. Then she would shut herself up in the den and look long at the little story, the pages tied together with a bright red ribbon, and sometimes she could not keep the tears back, but when she had fought out the battle she would put the story away in the old box that served her as desk and would declare softly to herself that she would write another and a much better story.

One day her first dream came true. She walked into the sitting-room where her mother and sisters were sewing, and she had a paper under her arm. Trying not to show her excitement she lay down on the sofa and unrolling the paper pretended to read.

"What have you there?" asked Anna.

"Only a new magazine," answered Louisa.

"Anything interesting in it?"

"Here's a story. I don't think it looks particularly interesting, but I'll read it if you like."

"Go ahead," said her sister.

Louisa took a long breath and plunged into the story, trying to hide her thrills by reading very fast. Her mother and sisters listened in silence until she had finished.

"That's a pretty good story," said Anna, when Louisa stopped.

"I like the part about the rival lovers," Elizabeth chimed in.

"Who wrote it?" asked Mrs. Alcott.

"Let me see." Louisa fumbled with the pages and then suddenly announced, "Here it is. It's by Louisa M. Alcott."

The others turned to look at her. She sat up, her cheeks flaming, her eyes dancing.

"Did you really write it, dear?" exclaimed her mother.

"I really did," said Louisa.

"It's splendid," "Perfectly fine," "Wonderful," came a chorus from the others, and they all crowded about her to look at the paper and see her name staring at them in real print on the page.

"Your father'll be very proud," said the fond mother.

"Oh, I'm so happy!" exclaimed the young authoress. "I knew I could do it and now I've proved I could."

Life for Louisa and the others in her family was, however, not always easy and happy. Her father,

Bronson Alcott, was a man entirely wrapped up in his own peculiar views, and he tried to support his family by giving occasional lectures and conducting classes, or conversations as he liked to call them, in philosophy. His hopeful nature kept him convinced that his family would be cared for in some fashion, but they often found it hard to live almost entirely on such trust. One winter he went west to lecture, leaving home as always poor, but hopeful, and serene. Mrs. Alcott took boarders, Anna taught, and Louisa went out to service from time to time to earn a little of the much-needed money. One cold February night when the girls were all at home they were waked by the ringing door-bell. They ran down-stairs to find their mother ahead of them to welcome the father home. The wanderer was half frozen, hungry, tired and disappointed, but he smiled bravely and looked as calm as ever. The mother and daughters fed and warmed him and brooded over him, anxious to know if he had made any money but hardly daring to ask. Finally May, the youngest, said, "Well, did people pay you?" With a queer look Mr. Alcott opened his pocketbook and showed them a one dollar note, saying, "Only that! My overcoat was stolen, and I had to buy a shawl. Many promises were not kept, and traveling is costly; but I have opened the way, and another year shall do better."

It was a great disappointment, but Mrs. Alcott smiled and kissed him. "I call that doing very well," said she. "Since you're safely home, dear, we don't ask anything more." Mrs. Alcott never gave up her

hopes of better times, and one of her favorite sayings to her daughters was, "Cast your bread upon the waters, and after many days it will come back buttered."

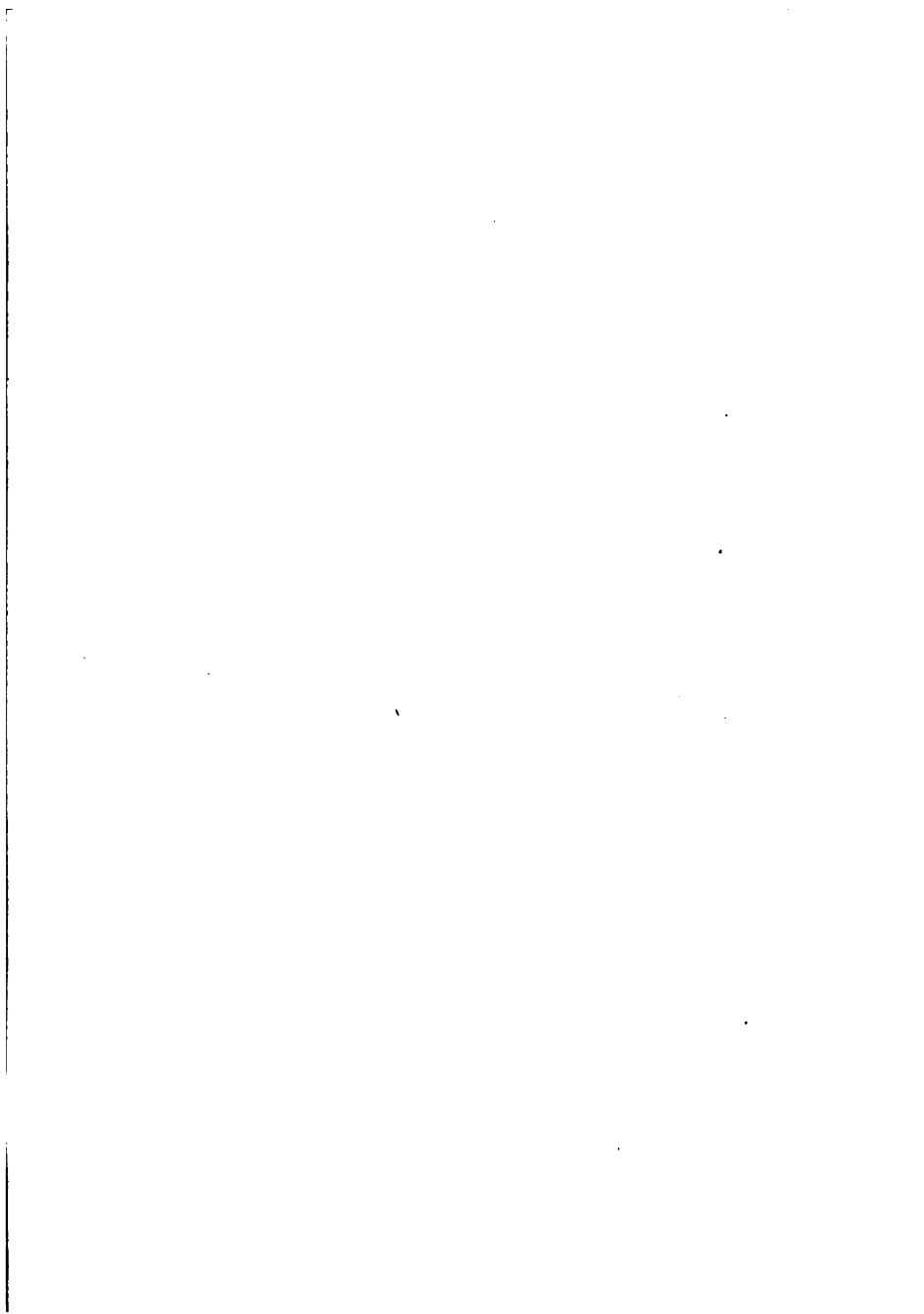
The dream world of Louisa's girlhood gave way to a very real struggle to make a living. She served as companion to an old lady in Boston, she read to invalids, and she taught school. When she could find nothing else to do she did sewing for others. But all this time she was busy making up stories, and after a while she started to write them out and send them to publishers. Some were bought and printed, but she received very little money for them, and so she had to keep on with her drudgery as seamstress and teacher and try to copy her mother's gift of hope. When she was twenty-two she had printed a little book called "Flower Fables," made up of some stories she had written to entertain Mr. Emerson's small daughter. She only received thirty-two dollars for the book, but it had been a work of love and she thrilled with the delight of a parent over her first-born child. She gave a copy to her mother at Christmas and the pleasure she saw in that dear face was infinitely more to her than any treasure could have been.

Success came slowly, but she went on step by step, writing better and better stories until editors asked her for them and paid her enough to allow her to give more time to writing.

When war broke out between the North and the South Louisa felt that she must do her share by becoming a hospital nurse. Her father had been one of the

first anti-slavery men and she could well remember the exciting day when her mother had hidden a fugitive slave in her kitchen at Concord. So Louisa went to Washington and nursed the wounded soldiers until she herself became ill and had to give up the work. She had been so much interested in what she had seen and heard that she wrote a book called "Hospital Sketches," and that proved to be her first big success.

She knew now that her girlhood gift for telling stories was a real gift and she set to work on her beloved career. She had been so fond of children and remembered her own childhood so distinctly that she turned naturally to writing stories for girls and boys, and girls and boys all over the world read her stories eagerly and begged for more. "Little Women" and "Little Men" became famous, and scarcely less so were some of the others, "Eight Cousins," "Rose in Bloom," "Under the Lilacs," and "An Old Fashioned Girl." In each one she put much of the charm of her own romantic girlhood in Concord, and that was the charm which made all children love the stories Louisa May Alcott had to tell them.



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